# The Outlook

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## HENRY FORD AND PROFIT-SHARING

It is not an exaggeration to say that the most-talked-about news event of last week was the announcement of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit that it proposes to introduce into its business on a large and comprehensive scale the principle of profit-sharing. Public interest was aroused, but not because the profit-sharing idea is a new one; it has been adopted by many American corporations, and by some of them maintained successfully for a good many years. Public interest has been aroused and public imagination has been stirred by the Ford plan because it is designed on such a large and dramatic scale. If it is carried out as Henry Ford (the founder, president, and chief owner of the Ford Motor Company) hopes, it will mean the distribution of ten million dollars annually among the workmen and employees of the concern in addition to their regular wages, which already equal, if they do not surpass, the ordinary market standards.

The Ford Motor Company is one of the most extraordinary recent developments of American industry. To the ordinary observer its success seems almost magical. Mr. Ford is a man of about fifty years of age, and began life as a country boy with no capital but an inventive genius and an imagination which enabled him to grasp the fact ten years ago that the gasoline motor car or automobile was bound to revolutionize American social and business life. He desired and determined to make a car for the average man. He believed that every family, especially in the country, should have an automobile. The automobile idea took possession of him as the electric light idea took possession of Edison twenty-five or thirty years ago. He has been a colporteur of automobiles, so to speak. He has succeeded in making a people's car, and the result is that last year his factory turned out one car every forty seconds of its working time, and the value of the gross business of the company has been estimated to be more than one hundred million dollars for the year. During the coming year he expects to see an increased output, which will require his factory to be in operation twenty-four hours a day for six days of the week. To accomplish this he will divide his factory army—for it is an army of many thousand men—into three shifts working eight hours each. Thus he is introducing not merely the profit-sharing idea, but the eight-hour principle.

In talking with a representative of The Outlook Mr. Ford said four things which we think the public should bear in mind in forming its judgment of this dramatic illustration of the fact that successful business is not war but co-operation.

First, profit-sharing is not philanthropy; it is right, because the workman should have some part in the wealth which he helps to create; and it is wise, because reason and experience show that it promotes efficiency.

Second, while the principle should be universal, there is no universal method of its application; one corporation or merchant must do it in one way and another in another.

Third, the present plan of the Ford Company is not an innovation in its own business; since the very beginning Mr. Ford has believed in and practiced some kind of profit-sharing; the proposal he now makes is simply an extension of the idea on a large scale.

And, fourth, this extension and large scale is to a certain extent experimental; its practical bearing upon the business of the company and upon the social and individual life of its employees can be determined only by experience; the time to pass final judgment upon it is not to-day, but a year from to-day.

The Outlook is deeply interested in Mr. Ford's experiment because it has for many years contended that co-operation between capital and labor in some form of just, practical, and genuine profit-sharing can afford the only real and permanent settlement of



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labor troubles, and the only safeguard against State Socialism with the consequent destruction of private initiative, private genius, and private enterprise.

### A REPUBLICAN SIGN OF THE TIMES

Ordinarily the election of a Speaker by one branch of the Legislature of a State is of little interest outside that State; but circumstances sometimes make such an election of National significance. This was the case when last week the Assembly of the New York Legislature was organized.

William Barnes, the Republican State Chairman, is a National figure. He is probably the most astute and powerful of the Republican party managers. He is a pronounced and aggressive conservative. He is frankly hostile to the progressive movement. Within his own party there are leaders in New York who want to make the Republican party more progressive, and who are opposing Mr. Barnes and much of what he stands for. These leaders some time ago undertook to overthrow Mr. Barnes, but they have so far failed. They renewed the attack in the contest for the Speakership of the Assembly. In spite of disclaimers, it was generally understood that Mr. Barnes's candidate was Harold J. Hinman. The anti-Barnes leaders, therefore, undertook to get the party members of the Assembly to indorse some one else who was openly opposed to Mr. Barnes.

Now Mr. Barnes is not an amateur in politics. He did what astute politicians often do. He got his opponents to concentrate their attack on one point, while he gathered his forces quietly at another. There were Republican Assemblymen who did not wish to be regarded as open Barnes supporters, and yet were not followers of the anti-Barnes leaders. A number of these voted for Thaddeus C. Sweet. When finally the anti-Barnes men were united on a Mr. Horton, the Barnes strength was swung to Mr. Sweet, and made him the Republican candidate. As the Republicans have a majority in the Assembly, Mr. Sweet was made Speaker.

The New York "Tribune," stanchly Republican, believes that by the failure of the alleged Barnes candidate to be chosen the power of the State Chairman has been "shaken," but "not broken." The significance of Mr. Sweet's election to the Republicans of the State (and, on account of the prominence of the State Chairman, to the Republicans of the Nation) is indicated by the "Tribune's" account of Mr. Sweet's record: "He voted against the fifty-four-hour labor law for women and minors employed in factories; he was 'not recorded' on the Workmen's Compensation Law, which was passed at the regular session; he voted against direct primaries last year every time the bill had a chance of becoming law, though he voted for his party's bill, which had no chance of passage."

In spite of the fact that Mr. Barnes has "stolen a march" on the progressive Republicans, the "Tribune" hopes that Mr. Sweet will disappoint his machine supporters and confound his critics. It is evident, however, that the Republican party in New York State, for the present, will remain under conservative, if not reactionary, leadership.

### THE LONDON "SPECTATOR'S" ADVICE ABOUT MEXICO

The recent vigorous utterance of the London "Spectator" as to the proper course for the United States to pursue in Mexico deserves respectful attention for two reasons —the high position the "Spectator" holds among English journals, and its general attitude of friendliness to this country. On the other hand, it may be observed that it is easy for an outside observer to recommend drastic action, but not easy for those directly concerned to admit that the case is so desperate as to compel the immediate adoption of a course which is in itself beset with difficulties.

Briefly, the "Spectator" believes that "if external force is to be used to restore order it must be done by the United States alone." This ignores the proposal made long ago by The Outlook that the three greatest nations of South America—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile—should be asked to cooperate with the United States to urge the acceptance by Mexico of such a temporary supervision by the four Powers as would insure peace and build up a stable government. The worse the condition of Mexico becomes, the more reasonable and possible such a course seems.

As to President Wilson's policy, the remarks of the "Spectator" are caustic; for instance: "He intervened and pretends not to be intervening; he deprecates anarchy and bloodshed, but neither stops them himself nor allows anybody else to stop them." And it refers to President Wilson's declared determination not to intervene in Mexico's

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internal affairs with the comment, "Yet all this time American intervention of the most serious kind is taking place"—that is, the refusal to recognize Huerta and the preventing of action by other Powers.

Annexation has no terrors to this English journal. It sees no objection provided the United States works with sincerity for the good of Mexico and the world, and is most laudatory in its recognition of the fact that the United States would in fact so use its great responsibility. It even goes so far as to believe that by the next generation Mexico will be absorbed piecemeal by the United States.

### AMERICAN COMMENT

This expression of opinion has naturally called out answering comments in this country. The New York "Sun" has published many columns of such comment, a few of which we summarize.

Thus, Andrew Carnegie is strongly of the opinion that, while we should have recognized Huerta when other Powers did, we ought not to intervene. Dr. Andrew D. White, whose opinion carries great weight as that of a diplomat and student of affairs, is of the same opinion. "No useful purpose could be served by intervention," he says; and adds:

> The people of the United States do not want intervention. And if such intervention would entail the acquisition of territory, I would regard it as a great calamity. The people of Mexico are not fit for self-government. If we acquired some of that territory, we should have to admit their representatives to Congress eventually, and they would have in a sense the right to govern us. That would be intolerable. No, anything is better than intervention.

On the other hand, ex-Senator Foraker declares that our present course makes war almost a certainty, and believes that the non-recognition of Huerta was a blunder. Ex-Chief Judge Cullen, of the New York Court of Appeals, believes in intervention only as a last resort. Mr. Henry Clews, the well-known banker, suggests a combination of great European Powers to act with the United States—a singularly unwelcome suggestion to most Americans.

Generally the comment, both of individuals and the press, while differing widely as to the wisdom of President Wilson's policy of "watchful waiting," is all but unanimous in deprecating armed intervention unless as the very last resort.

Meanwhile it is becoming increasingly evident that, whoever is nominally President of Mexico this year or next year, some outside influence must act to sow the seed and nurture the plant of self-government; otherwise Mexico will either suffer anarchy or despotism, or will dissolve into a group of small republics of the worst Central American type. Why should not the four great American countries most concerned take up seriously the question of joint action under a mutual agreement of non-aggrandizement?

### HEROISM IN DISASTER

The annals of ocean disaster have few records of destruction which vie in suddenness, suffering, hardship, and heroism with that of the foundering of the oil tank steamship Oklahoma on Sunday morning of last week. Over twenty men perished.

The ship simply broke in two. The terrific gales which devastated parts of the New Jersey coast, notably Seabright, had raised a sea such as is rarely encountered even in the North Atlantic. Doubtless the structure of the vessel had been strained by repeated pounding. Rivets broke, and as the battering continued plates parted, and, to quote the words of Captain Gunter, of the Oklahoma, "Suddenly, without warning of any sort, she broke in two just abaft the bridge."

The stern part of the ship broke off entirely and sank in about three hours. Even after the ship broke apart the propellers continued to revolve and the after part of the ship to move. One lifeboat was launched and lost; another, containing eleven men, had somewhat better fortune. Six of these men were lost by the upsetting of the boat; five were rescued by the steamship Gregory, three of whose officers jumped overboard in the icy water to save the exhausted men. As in the case of the Volturno, all rescue work was made difficult by the heavy seas. It would have been impossible except for intrepid men who ventured their own lives without hesitation.

Equally brave was the rescue of those officers and men of the Oklahoma who were left floating in the fore part of their ship. The Hamburg liner Bavaria, after great effort, got a boat alongside this floating section, seized a rope from the wreck, and saved eight men. This part of the wreck two or three days later was bombarded and sunk by the Seneca, a Revenue Service "derelict destroyer" and helper of ships in danger.

The Oklahoma is described as a fine vessel

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of her class, only six years old, built of steel and constructed according to the recognized requirements for that type of ship. This raises the question whether the disaster in its very nature does not indicate the need of a closer examination of the construction principles of tank steamers, so that even such an extraordinary strain and smashing as were received by the Oklahoma in an eighty-mile-an-hour gale should be incapable of "breaking a ship's back." Technically, ship-builders say that what happened was that the Oklahoma was "hogged"—that is, it was caught on the crests of two gigantic waves fore and aft, so that amidships it was left without support and "buckled."

It is a rare thing nowadays for a seaworthy vessel to be destroyed without collision or fire. The disaster increases one's awe of the tremendous forces of the ocean and of the relatively puny power of man. But it also proves anew that there is in the common man in America the spirit, whether we call it religious or not, that renders him ready to risk his life for his fellow-men. Physically puny he may be, but in qualities of the spirit he unexpectedly shows his power.

### VICE-ADMIRALS WANTED

Shall the United States have four vice-admirals or not? Apparently the old objection to making this rank a permanent one in our navy on the ground that such action would savor of the "aristocratic notions of foreign navies" has been dealt a death-blow by Secretary Daniels's statement that such a rank is needed. Previously the grades of admiral and vice-admiral have been given to officers only as a reward for exceptional service. If Mr. Daniels believes that the perpetuation of one of these grades in time of peace will not undermine the fabric of our government, the palladium of our liberty, or any other article of campaign furniture, we are quite ready to admit that it must be so.

The need for the rank of vice-admiral, as Mr. Daniels very clearly shows in his recommendations to the Committee on Naval Affairs, arises whenever our fleets come in contact with the battle-ships of foreign nations. In such cases, when joint action has been required in the past, our American rear-admirals have repeatedly found themselves outranked by officers of other navies, and therefore, no matter how many ships they may have happened to command, have been forced to take a subordinate position.

At Tampico, a situation of this sort recently proved the possibilities for embarrassment in such a complication, an embarrassment which in that particular case was prevented from becoming of annoying proportions by the courtesy of the commander of the British fleet. Even in this instance, however, despite the overwhelming preponderance of American interests involved, and the equally overwhelming American naval force at that port, the British commander reserved the privilege of reassuming direction should matters, in his judgment, call for such action.

Mr. Daniels asks for the power to appoint no more than four vice-admirals for service in foreign stations. Congress, we hope, will grant his request.

### THE TRUST COMPANY AND THE COMMUNITY

An interesting plan, suggestive to many a community, has just been put forth for the city of Cleveland by Mr. Frederick H. Goff, President of the Cleveland Trust Company. Mr. Goff has long been seeking to find a way in which the trust companies of the country may be helpful in gathering up and in making useful what he calls "the wealth that often goes to waste."

A man of very large means—a Rockefeller, an Altman—creates a private "foundation" to administer a part of his surplus funds for the benefit of mankind. Now, persons of more limited means are often quite as anxious as Mr. Rockefeller can be, or as was Mr. Altman, to better the world by a wise use of wealth, whether small or great.

In order to be wisely used, the funds remaining after a family distribution from the estate of those who are not multi-millionaires or millionaires at all may not be worth the expense of a privately owned "foundation" with its self-perpetuating board of trustees. Instead, this surplus often goes, bequeathed by generous but not always far-sighted persons, to some particular charitable or educational institution or institutions, which, however worthy now, may not remain so. To insure efficient perpetuation intelligent testators know that they should not build upon possibly crumbling foundations or upon the possibly poor vision of advisers who think that they can read the future.

What would satisfy those who would make all surplus wealth intelligently fruitful to the

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community, no matter how small the wealth? According to his just-published plan, Mr. Goff's reply would, we suppose, be something like this: "A corporate trust plus a sensitive civic conscience." His trust would assist charitable and educational institutions, whether supported by private donations or by public taxation; would promote scientific and other educational research: would care for the sick, aged, or helpless; would improve conditions of living, and especially would provide recreation for all classes; and, finally, would exist for such other charitable purposes as best make for the physical, mental, and moral improvement of the people, regardless of race, color, or creed.

### THE CLEVELAND FOUNDATION

How is such a trust to be administered? Mr. Goff's plan for Cleveland is as follows:

A Board of Trustees of five members.

Two to be elected by the directors of the Cleveland Trust Company.

One to be chosen by the Mayor.

One to be chosen by the Presiding Judge of the Court having jurisdiction of the settlement of estates in Cuyahoga County [in which the city of Cleveland is situated].

One to be chosen by the Presiding Judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Ohio.

All the members must be residents of Cleveland. They may be men or women. They must be interested in welfare work. They must possess a knowledge of the physical, educational, civic, and moral needs of the community. Office-holders are barred from service. Not more than two trustees may belong to any one religious denomination. Thorough provisions are made for publicity in the administration of the trust, and for investigation and action, should any ever be required, by the proper public authority.

Thus is provided a means by which generously disposed Clevelanders may be assured that the residuum of their estates will go to the community's betterment. Such a plan appeals to the head of the community of Cleveland. Its Mayor, the Hon. Newton D. Baker, writing to Mr. Goff, says:

The central thought in this great undertaking is not so much the gospel of the responsibilities of wealth as it is the gospel of the opportunities of wealth, and I am at a loss in my thinking to know whether you have done more in your plan for society by creating a fund which will minister to its needs than you have by pointing out the loss society sustains when its young and educated members are dwarfed in their energies and ambitions by inheritances of wealth greater than their reasonable needs can require.

The whole plan has my hearty indorsement, and I look forward to its development as a new, wholesome, and helpful movement in the building of a higher city on a sounder citizenship.

Another Clevelander, the Hon. James R. Garfield, ex-Secretary of the Interior, thus writes to Mr. Goff:

You have now provided a means for the wise use of money that otherwise would almost inevitably be wasted or devoted to the selfish personal use of immature or incompetent persons.

The publicity features of the plan appeal to me immensely, as I am confident that full publicity will surely lead to the growth of a sound, intelligent public opinion which will wisely guide the use of such a fund as will be created under this instrument.

Mr. Goff's idea ought to interest our trust companies and our communities alike. Indeed, it may lead to "a community trust" in each community.

The distribution of wealth has been called our gravest economic problem. To most of us the present distribution is, to say the least, unsatisfactory.

The Cleveland Foundation points out one way to a redistribution, at least of surplus wealth, back to the community where it was acquired, a redistribution in which the public has voice and vote.

### AN UNHAPPY CONTROVERSY

If newspaper reports are to be trusted, a very unhappy and possibly disastrous division of opinion has been created in the Church of England following a protest against an act of the Anglican Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa in Africa.

For some time past there has been a strongly organized Mohammedan propaganda in Africa, with the result that there has been a vastly increased interest in that religion, especially in East Africa; a growth sufficiently formidable to give Christian missionaries in that part of the world great anxiety. Last June a conference of these missionaries was held in the little town of Kikuyu, about sixty missionaries attending for the purpose of consulting as to the best methods of arresting the spread of Mohammedanism. This conference, according to the newspaper reports, was notable for fraternal feeling and a sense of the necessity of united action in the presence of a great danger. It was closed with a celebration of the commu-

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nion, the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa officiating, and all the members of the conference, representing different Christian churches, taking part. It was a very natural and beautiful culmination of an extremely interesting conference. The invitation to the communion in the Prayer-Book of the Anglican Church is very broad in its terms; but there is a rubric, or direction, which is interpreted by one group of Churchmen as providing that no persons shall be admitted to the communion unless they have been confirmed or are ready to be confirmed.

When the news reached England that the Anglican Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa had officiated at a communion service at which members of churches other than the Church of England participated, a passionate protest was made by the group of members of the Anglican Church which calls itself Catholic, and the fear is expressed in certain quarters that the feeling is so deep that it may lead to a division of the Church.

It is almost impossible to believe that such a result could follow from such a cause.

### A POSSIBLE DISASTER

Until all the facts are known it would be premature to pass judgment on the protest of the Catholic party; but if it should develop that the act of the two bishops, in officiating at a communion service in which the members of other Christian churches participated, brought about a division of the Anglican Church, the spectacle would give joy to the most malignant satirist.

The division of a great Church because two of its missionary bishops united in a communion service with a little band of Christian missionaries holding the same faith, serving the same Christ, facing the advance of another religion in a continent in which they were a handful against an army, would be a crime against the Christian religion. And, when one takes into account the condition of things in England itself, the way in which society is rent asunder by conflicting views, the supreme need in a great crisis in human affairs of united action on the part of those who believe in the Christian religion as affording the one means for the ultimate solution of human problems, the possibility of the division of the Established Church on such a question seems incredible.

That the Lord's Supper, which should unite all Christians, should be made a rock of offense and a stone of stumbling on the outskirts of the Christian world in a desperate fight against heathenism, would be interpreted by the world as showing a fatal lack of perception of the realities of modern conditions, of fundamental religion, and of the saving grace of humor. Of course such a division would destroy forever the ideal of a national Church; and the two branches of the Church of England would become two additional sects. Such a result would bring discouragement and grief to a host of people.

### A NEW ITALIAN OPERA BY A NEW COMPOSER

In striking contrast to the proclamation of Strauss trumpets that announced the American *première* of "Rosenkavalier" a few weeks ago, was the almost unheralded hearing given at the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York City, on the evening of January 2, to Italo Montemezzi's poetic opera, "The Love of the Three Kings." The beauties of the opera were revealed to the audience as a surprise which served to enhance the impression, for Montemezzi is a young Italian composer whose work has been practically unknown in this country. The New York performance of "L'Amore dei Tre Re" was the first outside the composer's native land. Its first hearing was at the Scala, in Milan, a little over a year ago. Although it achieved an instant success there and in other parts of Italy, the echoes thereof were not very audible in America. The young composer's two preceding operas had been failures.

To begin with, "The Love of the Three Kings" has an excellent book, a simple story poetically conceived and told with much dramatic economy, since the action is practically concentrated upon the four leading characters, the three kings and the beloved object. It is the work of Sem Benelli, a young Italian poet and dramatist whose plays have been acted in Italy and Paris. It is a story of a familiar classic type not closely located as to time and place—"in a remote part of Italy in the Middle Ages"—the tale of a conquering barbarian king (Manfredo) who has married a princess of the conquered people. She is still in love with a young king (feudal lord) of her own people, to whom she was betrothed before her enforced marriage. The melodramatic story of this new Italian opera is enwrapped in music of great dramatic and poetic quality. The score is written with a fine reserve, yet with emotional potency.

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It is not revolutionary music, neither is it reminiscent. For the most part simple tonalities are employed with powerful effects of contrast and climax.

Montemezzi has not imitated his predecessors. His opera is not written in the manner of Verdi or Puccini, nor yet of Wagner—except to such extent as all modern music has been influenced by him. He has not assaulted our ears with the violent "futurist" cacophony, although there are a few sharp dissonances where the effect calls for them. He has made use of descriptive rhythms to announce the arrival and departure of the warrior Manfredo, to accompany Archibaldo's recital of his invading cavalcade, and to portray the halting steps of the blind old king, but there is no complicated interweaving of motives to accompany the text. Montemezzi's score stands as a remarkable piece of free descriptive dramatic composition. There are occasional thematic echoes of Wagner and Debussy, it is true, but so original, fresh, and vital is the music, so full of the indescribable quality of "atmosphere," that it would seem carping indeed to attempt the tracing of such resemblances. His orchestra never becomes militant and destructive like that of Strauss, never obtrudes itself into the province of the vocal parts. The music is written throughout with all the Italian feeling for the voice.

Musically and dramatically the performance was satisfying.

### CHAMBER MUSIC FOR EVERYWHERE

Every city, every small town, in this country ought to have, and can have, concerts like that which David and Clara Mannes gave in New York City last week. It is a great mistake to think that the small town is cut off from the best music because it cannot raise money to pay for opera or orchestral concerts. There is no greater music, no wider variety of music, than that which can be produced by six or eight performers or less in a small hall, or a room of moderate size.

This is not only true of old music, of music of the classic masters, of Bach and Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven and Schubert; not only true of the composers later in time, such as Schumann and Mendelssohn and, of course, Chopin and Grieg and Brahms and César Franck—but it is also true of the music of still later composers, including those now living. The only exceptions to this statement among the really great composers of modern times are those who are virtually only writers of opera, like Verdi and Wagner.

And it is not only the smaller works of these composers that are producible in chamber concerts. By no means. Was Beethoven greater in his symphonies than in his string quartettes? Who would venture to say yes to that unequivocally? Is the Brahms "Requiem" any greater, any bigger indeed, than his incomparable piano quintette?

And chamber music can be, and often is, big and broad not only in idea but in effect.

That fact was illustrated in the concert of last week to which we have referred. There was first a pleasing, but rather cloying, violin sonata by a composer whose name, Scalero, is unfamiliar to most concert goers. Then there was a suite, for piano and violin, by Bach. From under the periwig of that old and greatly loved cantor and capellmeister there was a spring of romanticism from which a stream has been flowing through the world unfailingly ever since, but too little known. That suite might well be heard for its message to this practical and hurrying age—a message of romantic feeling and excellent manners.

Then came what to most hearers was a novelty, though it was written several years ago—a violin concerto; and here came the effect of bigness. Ordinarily by a concerto is meant a work, usually in three or perhaps four movements, for a solo instrument and the full orchestra. This was a concerto for the violin; but in place of the full orchestra there was the pianoforte and a string quartette. No one who heard that concerto had the feeling of any lack. Breadth, variety of tone color, massiveness—all the qualities one expects from the orchestra seemed to be supplied by this combination of instruments. The composer knew his medium; and, accepting its limitations, made himself free.

Ernest Chausson, who wrote this, was killed in a bicycle accident in 1899. He was a pupil of that great Belgian César Franck, whose musical heritage has made France musically rich. If Chausson had never produced anything but this concerto, he would deserve to be remembered among composers of really creative imagination. Here is a work that is orchestral in proportions and effect; but it is available wherever there can be found three violinists, one viola

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player, one cellist, and one pianist, of competence.

Not every community can have the privilege of hearing so true musicians as Mr. and Mrs. Mannes. Such skill as theirs can be acquired, but not their insight, their musical spirit. But competent musicians are not lacking in this country. No community need go without the best music; for the artists are available, and the literature of chamber music is inexhaustible.

### BASEBALL IN JAPAN

Every traveler in a foreign land is to some extent an ambassador for his country. Particularly is this true if the traveler happens to be an athlete meeting his international neighbors in friendly contests. Indeed, the introduction of a new sport into a country has sometimes done more to modify international relations than years of diplomacy. Dean C. Worcester recently said that baseball has done more to break up the practice of head-hunting in the Philippine Islands than the combined efforts of the army and the civil government. Our National game has likewise been successfully introduced into Japan. That the Japanese have taken to it with astonishing avidity may be adduced as additional evidence, if any is necessary, that there is no impassable gulf between the East and the West.

The Chicago White Sox and the New York Giants have been conducting a post-season series of games which have ranged as far as Japan and Australia. John McGraw, the manager of the Giants, has written letters to the New York "Times" describing the reception of the players in Japan. At Tokyo, he writes, "We went directly to the ball park of Keio University, where we were scheduled to play a game. They made the ball-players take off their shoes and put on slippers before we could go on the extravagantly finished floors of the dressing-rooms." We can imagine a player in spike shoes clumping over the polished floors of a Japanese house! We trust that Mr. McGraw's attitude was not that of a guest on a yacht who, when his host, gazing first at his immaculate decks and then at the landsman's heavy shoes, offered him a pair of sneakers, replied, "Oh, don't bother about me; I have hobnails, I sha'n't slip."

"Once out on the field," writes McGraw, "the Keio boys had a college yell just like the boys of the United States, and they cut loose with it as soon as the American players had all been introduced. They also did a lot of rooting when Morri, the Japanese center-fielder, hit for three bases." Mr. McGraw has considerable respect for his opponents even though his team defeated the Japanese players by a large margin. "These little brown fellows," he wrote, "have the making of good performers. They are fast and think well, always being in the game and taking chances. Once they caught as smart a ball-player as Speaker napping off second base in as pretty a double play as you could see in the big league. Their one weakness is at bat. The Keio team could be strengthened in three or four positions and developed into a club that would be hard for any team to beat."

Only one accident marred the stay of the American players in Japan, and that occurred upon their arrival at Tokyo. "Jim" Thorpe, the Indian athlete of international prominence, who is now playing with the Giants, attempted to ride in a rickshaw, but his weight proved too great for the conveyance. It broke, and he was thrown out. An American Indian riding through the streets of Tokyo in a rickshaw, in the habit of a professional ball-player, furnishes a strange mixture of customs and civilization!

### THE CASE OF EDWIN DROOD

The Dickens Fellowship has been trying to settle by jury trial the question left open in "Edwin Drood." Readers of The Outlook will remember that John Jasper and his young nephew, Edwin Drood, are both in love with a charming girl, that Drood suddenly disappears, and that another character in the book, Neville Landless, is accused by Jasper of murdering him. At this point the story was left unfinished by the death of Dickens. On Wednesday of last week the Dickens Fellowship in London tried John Jasper for the murder of Edwin Drood.

The trial took place in King's Hall, Covent Garden, which was filled with a deeply interested audience. Two things gave the trial interest: one was the fact that it was entirely extemporaneous—there had been no understanding in advance and nothing had been rehearsed; the other was the character of the men who took part. Mr. Chesterton, in scarlet gown and full bottom wig, acted as the judge; his brother Cecil appeared to defend the prisoner; and Mr. Walters, the President of the Fellowship, appeared as

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prosecutor. The jury included such well-known men of letters as Mr. Jerome, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. De Morgan, Mr. Archer, Mr. McCarthy, and the foreman was George Bernard Shaw. With the exception of the jurymen all persons connected with the trial appeared in the costume of 1860.

As soon as the counsel for the prosecution finished Mr. Shaw sprang to his feet and asked whether the learned gentleman proposed to call evidence. "Certainly," was the reply. "Then all I have to say is," rejoined the foreman of the jury, "that if the learned gentleman thinks the convictions of a British jury are going to be influenced by evidence he little knows its functions."

The defense for Jasper advanced the theory that Edwin Drood is still alive, that, although Jasper intended to murder Drood and believed he had succeeded, he was so completely under the influence of opium that he did not complete the crime. When the judge had summed up the evidence and bidden the jury to consider its verdict, Mr. Shaw rose and declared that the jury had arranged a verdict during its luncheon. The verdict, received with shouts of laughter, was in the following terms:

> Following distinguished precedent, we considered our verdict in the luncheon interval, and are inclined to a verdict of not guilty, since there is no proof of the crime, but the British spirit of compromise and moderation afterward seized us, and our verdict is one of manslaughter, with a recommendation to mercy; but at the same time plead with your lordship not to show any weakness, but to vindicate the full majesty of the law.

### THE MAN AND THE JOB

This is the season when to be out of work means suffering and misery for millions of men and women in the United States—death, even, for some of them. On the other hand, although any man will tell you that "times are bad," there are now, as always, a certain number of employers looking for labor. An employer wants a laborer, and a man unemployed wants a job; that is the situation. All that remains to be done is to bring them together, and what could be simpler? Yet, for the most part, we in the United States go about the work of connecting the man and the job in a most bungling manner.

Take, for instance, the case of a manufacturer in a large city who is looking for a machinist. Naturally he wants the best machinist available. The best machinist available may be sitting on a bench in a park of the city reading the "want" columns of a borrowed newspaper in the hope of finding a position, or with the same aim flitting from one private employment agency to another. To bring together these two men, the manufacturer and the machinist, seems easy, yet in nine cases out of ten they never meet. Another machinist, not the best one available, sees the newspaper advertisement of the manufacturer before the man whose case we have been considering, or gets ahead of the latter at the employment agency, or has a friend with influence who recommends him for the vacancy. Both the employer and the man he should have employed are the losers by this state of affairs, which is the rule and not the exception. In America there are four means of bringing the man and the job together—the newspapers, private employment agencies, charitable organizations, and chance—and none of them is adequate.

### BRINGING THEM TOGETHER

In England and on the Continent, particularly in Germany, the state plays an important part in bringing the man and the job together, through the medium of state and municipal labor agencies. In practically every large city in Germany there are such employment bureaus, supported partly by the cities in which they are situated, but mainly by the state, which supervises all of them. All the men and women out of work are registered with the one employment agency in their neighborhood, and the employers thereabouts who want labor apply there for it. The agency then fits a man to the job as a tailor fits a suit to a man. The agencies keep in touch with each other and send labor to points where the local supply is inadequate. When a laborer is sent to an out-of-town job, his expenses are advanced by the agency, to be deducted from his salary, and the laborer has the satisfaction of feeling that the job is just what it has been represented to be. The Germans realize that for purposes of distribution labor can be treated as if it were a commodity, just like shoes or machinery or money, and by centralizing the supply they make it easy for those who want it to get it quickly and to get the best that is to be had.

It is cause for self-congratulation that in America about twenty States have adopted

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the system in force abroad, and have established State labor agencies to do much of the work commonly left to the haphazard methods of private employment bureaus. As yet, however, the system has been but imperfectly established in those States that have it, and it is non-existent in some where it is most needed, including New York. The size of New York's population and the State's position as the catch-basin for the great immigrant stream to this country make the employment problem particularly acute there. Mr. Morris L. Ernst, chairman of a committee of the City Club of New York now investigating this question, has estimated that for each job filled in New York three dollars is spent in newspaper advertising alone. In Germany it costs twenty-five cents to fill a job.

Of course a proposal to establish State labor agencies in New York and in other States that have none at present would be combated by the private agencies and by most of the newspapers, to which such a step would mean the loss of valuable advertising, but it is a step so practical that it seems sure to come, and the sooner it is brought about the better—for employers, for employed, and consequently for the public at large. It may be objected that a State labor agency is a paternalistic institution. Every extension of governmental activity is so called by those who would keep government within strict limits: but what would be paternalistic in a monarchy may in a democracy be fraternalistic. At any rate, a governmental employment agency is an institution based on common sense and efficiency, and one that is calculated to help bring order out of industrial chaos, and thereby reduce poverty and discontent.

### FRENCH FINANCE

The recent French Cabinet fell on the issue of exempting the new Government loan from taxation. The Cabinet, naturally, contended that it should be exempt. The opponents contended that it should not be exempt. It is difficult to see, however, how the new Cabinet can countenance any loan which has not the exemption feature; that is to say, unless the loan is to bear a higher rate of interest.

And yet the new Cabinet must have money. There is a deficit of one hundred and twenty million dollars to be met. Extra credits are needed for a much larger amount.

The former Cabinet attempted to cover both with a perpetual non-taxable loan. The expedient of the present Cabinet is a resort to short loans, treasury notes, and the income tax. The income tax had already been proposed by the previous Government, but its inquisitorial features were not any more agreeable to the French temperament than are the inquisitorial features of the present income tax in this country to Americans.

The question of French finance is of much more than national importance. It is of international importance, since for the past decade Paris has been considered the principal international money-lending center. This reputation has been justly deserved.

At the present time Paris is besieged by the Balkan States, Turkey, and Mexico to arrange new loans. By a wise provision made seven years ago no foreign loans may be listed at the Paris Bourse without the consent of the Minister of Finance. This notice has recently been amplified and strengthened because of the efforts of certain of the above-mentioned countries to arrange for loans without the countenance of the French Government. The words of the just-issued circular are that the condition of listing on the Bourse relates not only to loans properly so called, but to all operations the result of which would be to procure funds for a foreign state. This is as it should be. France may need much money for her own expenses. She will get it one way or another. But French international credit is quite another thing, and we are glad to see that the French do not propose to have it unduly exploited for the benefit of the Balkan States, Turkey, and Mexico.

### BARNARD COLLEGE: HER GROWTH AND HER NEED

Twenty-five years ago, in a small private house at 343 Madison Avenue, the first woman's college in New York City offering educational opportunities equal in standard to those enjoyed by men opened its first freshman class, made up of four "regular" and ten "partly regular" students. Sixteen years ago, when Columbia University moved to its present site on Morningside Heights, the woman's college, called Barnard (in honor of Frederick A. P. Barnard, President of Columbia College from 1864 until 1889, and a warm friend of the cause of women's education), was installed in new and what

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were then spacious quarters near the University.

During its quarter of a century of existence Barnard has graduated 2,100 women, most of them living in or near New York City. Matrimony and teaching have absorbed the largest number of its graduates. According to a census taken in 1913, out of 1,989 living alumnæ, 425 were teaching; probably much of the efficiency of New York City's three largest high schools is due in great measure to the Barnard College graduates who serve them as teachers.

Barnard's close affiliation with Columbia is of great value educationally; but, while Columbia holds itself responsible for the quality of instruction given at Barnard and bestows its degree upon graduates, it has never assumed any financial responsibility, nor has Barnard profited in any way by the great gifts bestowed upon Columbia.

Now Barnard needs and asks for $2,000,000 in order to carry on her work as it should be done. The greatest need is on the physical and social side. The College is crowding 800 students into halls designed for 500. A students' building, equipped with gymnasium, ample lunch and rest rooms and reading rooms, and an auditorium, are needed to add wings to Barnard's single dormitory building, so that out-of-town students need no longer seek accommodations in boarding-houses scattered about the city. A million dollars is needed to supplement the permanent endowment fund.

Nearly one million dollars has already been pledged or paid in. Barnard has no wealthy body of graduates on which to call, as many men's colleges have, and she offers this opportunity for investment and mutual service to the city that is her home and to the country at large.

### LABOR LAWS HERE AND ABROAD

The seventh annual Convention of the American Association for Labor Legislation at Washington, D. C., on the last two days of 1913, served to call public attention to the great strides that have been made in this country recently toward securing a body of social legislation that would put us on a par with those European nations which for some time have been far ahead of us in this respect. The Association maintains a strictly scientific and neutral attitude between capital and labor, its purpose to secure "better labor laws better enforced" being one with which all far-seeing employers are in sympathy. It has accomplished wonders in educating the American public to the need of protecting the source of all wealth—labor.

The awakening of the public conscience on this subject has brought about a movement which gains strength daily. Within the past three years twenty-three States have passed workmen's compensation or accident insurance laws, and the Association's bill to provide compensation for injuries to employees of the Federal Government, which is now in committee of the Senate, and which extends the scope of the law passed in 1908, seems destined to become a law in the near future.

In 1913 no fewer than thirteen States established a pension system for mothers, eight followed the example set by Massachusetts in 1912 by establishing minimum wage laws, while thirty-one enacted legislation directly bearing on child labor. The act of Congress which has stopped the use of poisonous phosphorus in the manufacture of matches since July 1, 1913, was considered so good an example by the States that fifteen of them have adopted the Association's bill protecting workers from several occupational diseases and from lead-poisoning in particular. Most significant is the growing tendency to leave specific labor legislation to administrative commissions of scientific experts, which are much better adapted to deal with such subjects than are unwieldy, heterogeneous bodies like our State legislatures.

To The Outlook it seems that one of the most valuable features of the present wave of labor legislation is the tendency of the legislatures of competing States to co-operate. Every strike in a big industry illustrates the unhappy results of legislative disharmony between competing States. For instance, in the strike of silk operatives in Paterson, New Jersey, a year ago, the Paterson manufacturers could not afford to grant the wage increase and shortened working day asked by the strikers, owing to the fact that in Pennsylvania employers were paying lower wages than the Paterson mill men, and were allowed to work their employees longer than was possible under the New Jersey statutes.

The International Association for Labor Legislation, of which the American Association is a branch, faces the same difficult situation in the competition among the nations

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of Europe that is provided here by State competition. Nevertheless, fourteen of the twenty-four nations in the body have adopted a treaty prohibiting the night work of women, and nine have signed another agreement forbidding the use of phosphorus in matches. Incidentally the organization exerts a strong influence for international peace, an inevitable result of the frequent gatherings at which men of many countries come together to discuss problems that affect alike all the nations represented.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE

In the death of Mrs. Blake, which occurred December 30, 1913, the woman movement loses one of its pioneer leaders. Mrs. Blake early recognized the fact that the general condition of women must be changed and bettered in many ways before they could successfully ask the right to cast a vote.

She was a pioneer in obtaining the appointment of women as police matrons in New York City, and in time police matrons became general throughout the country. In co-operation with others she worked for the granting of school suffrage in New York State, which became a law and soon spread to other States. Among other things for which she labored were the appointment of women in census work, granting them the privilege of competing in examinations for civil service positions, enabling a woman to make a will without the consent of her husband, making both parents joint guardians of their children, obtaining the admission of women to lecture courses at Columbia University and to the examinations which led to degrees and to similar privileges in other colleges. She was also active in the movement for providing seats for saleswomen in department stores.

For eleven years Mrs. Blake was President of the New York City Woman Suffrage Association, and for some years President of the New York City Mothers' Club. She was the founder of the Society for Political Study and the National Legislative League. She was also the author of several novels and of a number of books having for their object the betterment of the condition of women. In the eighty years of her life she had seen the cause under whose banner she enlisted when it was highly unpopular accepted largely as a matter of course and even becoming a leading issue in Presidential campaigns.

## S. WEIR MITCHELL

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who died in Philadelphia last week at the age of eighty-four, belonged in the little group of Americans who were distinguished in the strict sense of the word; and his intellectual and personal qualities, like those of another Philadelphian whom the country has lately lost, Dr. Furness, invested his personality with rare interest and charm. It was a delightful experience to spend an evening with Dr. Mitchell. One was off the beaten track of the commonplace at once; for Dr. Mitchell was familiar with many aspects of life which the person of average experience never touches. A perfectly normal man, he knew all the abnormalities, the eccentricities, of nervous disease, the peculiarities of exceptional temperaments. He had great experience in dealing with people who were subject to those moods which, in their fixity, fall just short of insanity. He had studied animal poisons, and he talked with immense interest about the habits of rattlesnakes. He was at home, too, in the literature of the world, and had the tastes and affiliations of a man of wide culture. His breadth of interests was extraordinary. But, unlike many men of versatility, he was an expert in more than one field; and in every field in which he ventured he carried the habits and the power of observation of a trained mind.

He was in no sense an imitator of Dr. Holmes, but the resemblance of condition between the two men was unusually interesting. The fact that they were both physicians and writers has put their names in juxtaposition; but there were many other resemblances which were more interesting. They both represented the best family traditions. They both belonged to what Dr. Holmes loved to call the "Brahmin" stock; that is to say, they were the descendants of Colonial families. They were the children also of two American cities in which the older social traditions are definite and strong, and they both loved the places of their birth. In the beautiful park on the Ilm at Weimar Goethe set up a *genius loci*, although he was the most cosmopolitan man of his time. Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Holmes both had their *genii loci*, and they were faithful recorders of the habit and manner of the cities which gave them birth. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston are perhaps as distinctly American, in the old-time English sense of the

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word, as any towns in the New World, and Dr. Mitchell continued the intellectual and literary traditions of the days when Philadelphia was first, in point of time, the intellectual capital of the country. The cynical have said that in Boston the question is, "What does he know?" in New York, "How much is he worth?" and in Philadelphia, "Who was his grandfather?" In all these cities, it may be suspected, wealth is not without its influence, but in both Boston and Philadelphia birth and cultivation count as very definite factors. They have their place in New York, as any one knows who knows New York from the inside and not from the newspapers; but these elements are in a certain way submerged by the enormous mass of business activities, for in this respect, as in others, New York pays the penalty of doing business for the whole continent. Dr. Holmes loved the traditions of Boston, and when he died old Boston went with him. Dr. Mitchell loved the traditions of Philadelphia, and in his broad intelligence, cultivation of taste, variety of interests, and charm of manner he expressed the best qualities of one of the most delightful cities in the country.

He was a distinguished physician before he put his hand to paper as a writer. The story runs that when the literary impulse came to him he consulted Dr. Holmes, and Dr. Holmes advised him to postpone writing until he had made an assured position as a physician, and never to use literature except as a crutch. Whether that advice was given or not, it was followed; and Dr. Mitchell's literary career, which made the whole country acquainted with him, was a matter of the last thirty years. He came of a family of physicians; and after three years' service as an army surgeon, having special charge of soldiers suffering from nervous disorders, he entered upon his career as a neurologist. If he did not actually invent what is called the "rest cure," he formulated it, worked it out in detail, and used it with such success that his name will always be associated with it as a pioneer experimenter; and there is no branch of medicine, it may be said, which brings a man into contact with so many interesting aspects of human nature and puts in his hand so much literary material.

When Dr. Mitchell began to write fiction, he was a novice only in the mechanism of the work of writing, and he very quickly passed his period of apprenticeship and became a skillful and accomplished novelist. His last story, reviewed in The Outlook in the early autumn, "Westways," is as delightful an account of the Civil War as it touched family life and broke into the family circle with its alarms and its tragic differences, as has appeared. It was written with that nice attention to detail, that careful study of minor characters, which made all of Dr. Mitchell's novels thoroughly workmanlike in their manner and quality. "Hugh Wynne" has perhaps been the most popular of his stories, and deservedly so, for it is a very graphic picture of some of the most stirring episodes of the Revolutionary struggle, dramatic without being melodramatic, with a carefully drawn portrait of Washington and an extremely interesting account of the André episode. "The Adventures of François," on the other hand, is an interesting study of an episode in the French Revolution, full of what is called local color. Dr. Mitchell's industry was remarkable; but his work was rarely mechanical. He had the freshness of feeling which is the quality of a man of genius as contrasted with the mechanician. Two years ago, speaking at a dinner of the alumni of the University of Pennsylvania, he indulged in a bit of autobiography:

> What you have said of me as a scientist and physician and as a writer of fiction and verse obliges me to be personal. When success in my profession gave me the freedom of long summer holidays, the despotism of my habits of work would have made entire idleness mere *ennui*. I turned to what, except for stern need, would have been my lifelong work from youth—literature—and, bored by idleness, wrote my first novel. There is a lesson for you—never be idle.
>
> In any land but this such an experiment as a successful novel would have injuriously affected the professional career of a medical consultant, or so I was told by an eminent English physician. I need not say that this is not the American way of looking at life. If you give your best to medicine and the law, you may write novels or verse, or play golf, or ride the wildest colt of hobbies.

Dr. Mitchell wrote verse with skill and feeling, although not with quite the same individuality as prose. Of late years he published a good deal of poetry, refusing, however, to accept any remuneration for it, treating it as an episode of high dignity. Many people are of opinion that in verse he was at his best in his "Ode on a Lycian Tomb:"

> "What gracious nunnery of grief is here!
> One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood;

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Each sad presentment celled apart, in fear
Lest that herself upon herself intrude,
And break some tender dream of sorrow's day,
Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray.

O pale procession of immortal love,
Forever married to immortal grief!
All of life's childlike sorrow far above,
Past help of time's compassionate relief:
These changeless stones are treasuries of regret,
And mock the term by time for sorrow set.

Cold mourners—set in stone so long ago,
Too much my thoughts have dwelt with thee apart.
Again my grief is young; full well I know
The pang reborn, that mocked my feeble art
With that too human wail in pain expressed,
The parent cry above the empty nest."

## A REVOLUTIONARY APPOINTMENT

The appointment of Miss Katharine Bement Davis by the Mayor of New York City to be the head of the Department of Correction marks what we have a right to hope will prove a new era in dealing with crime in that city.

There are two methods of dealing with crime: the old or pagan, the new or Christian.

Paganism regarded an injury as something to be revenged—an injury to the individual to be revenged by the individual, an injury to society to be revenged by society. Reduced to its simplest statement, this philosophy was: He has hurt me, I will hurt him; he has hurt us, we will hurt him. Justice consisted simply in determining by an impartial tribunal who had perpetrated the wrong, and then in adjusting the penalty to fit the crime. The Mosaic code attempted in somewhat quaint and naïve manner to regulate and restrain this vindictive instinct. It said, in effect, You must not hurt him more than he has hurt you; an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. If he has called you a liar, you may call him a liar, but you must not strike him; if he has struck you, you may strike him, but you must not stab him. Epithet for epithet, blow for blow; thus far may you go, but no farther.

When men began to philosophize, they called in philosophy to justify this instinct for revenge. To prevent crime, said philosophy, we must depend on the deterrent power of fear. If men find that when they do wrong they suffer for it, they will cease to do wrong. All executions were in public, that by the spectacle the public might be deterred from crime. But the public were not deterred. English pagans attended the spectacle, as Roman pagans centuries before had attended the cruel spectacle in the Coliseum, as Spanish pagans attend bull-fights, and as American pagans attend perilous acrobatic feats, enjoying the fearsome anticipation of a possible tragedy.

Jesus Christ indicated to his followers a different method of dealing with sin, both individually and socially. Sin, he said, is a disease: the cure for sin is faith, hope, love—faith, that puts before the wrong-doer a worthy ideal; hope, that inspires him with courage to attempt it; and love, that gives him companionship in his endeavor. Since the Christian Church has been so slow to recognize this principle in its theology, it is not strange that Christian communities have been equally slow to accept it in their administration of justice. But both Church and society are tending in that direction. The Church is abandoning the doctrine of eternal torment; the community is abandoning the practice of temporary torment; both are abandoning the pagan notion that the remedy for wrong-doing is the deterrent power of fear and that justice consists in adjusting the punishment to the crime. Justice consists in adjusting the punishment to the criminal, and the remedy for wrong-doing is the transforming power of faith, hope, and love.

Laggard science has by its investigations confirmed the teaching of Jesus Christ. Psychologists have discovered that crime is often due to physical malformation, sociologists that it is often due to bad social conditions, philanthropists that it is often due to bad companionship. The prison work of Mr. Brockway in the Elmira Reformatory, the judicial work of Judge Lindsey in Denver, the educational work of Mr. George in the George Junior Republic, the village life in the Juvenile Asylum described in The Outlook last week, are dramatic illustrations of the new philosophy.

Miss Davis has been too busy in curing criminals at the Bedford Reformatory to talk about her work. She has rarely been seen on the platform or in the public press; but in the work which she has done with what is perhaps the most hopeless class of criminals—criminal women—she has demonstrated that the inspirational power of faith, hope, and love succeeds where the deterrent power

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of fear is an utter failure. The significance of her appointment by the Mayor to take charge of the Department of Correction is well interpreted by the Mayor himself:

> Dr. Davis understands that there is nothing more futile than to conduct a penitentiary merely as a place of detention, or to attempt the correction of criminals without understanding the conditions in the community which manufacture them. At the Bedford Reformatory for Women Dr. Davis has established a standard of intelligent and efficient penal administration which we desire to institute in the Department of Correction. This Department has been previously regarded as merely a department of jails. We shall hope in a true sense to make it a department of correction.

The appointment of Miss Davis is not merely a good appointment. It is an attempt to revolutionize the methods of dealing with crime in what is the largest city in America and the second largest city in the world. The country will look with interest to see the result of this attempt to treat crime as a disease to be cured instead of as an injury to be revenged.

The attempt will encounter very great obstacles. Miss Davis will have the cordial support of the Mayor; it is reasonable to expect that she will have the cordial support of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment; but it is not reasonable to expect that her purpose will be comprehended or her spirit shared by all the police or by all the judges of the criminal courts, or even by all the wardens and their assistants in the jails. Her work of educating the community, and especially of those who are intrusted with the administration of criminal law, will be quite as difficult as her work of educating the criminals.

Those who, with The Outlook, believe in Miss Davis, and in what she stands for, need to be careful not to add to her difficulties by expecting of her the impossible, or by imagining that she is to substitute a tearful sympathy with criminals for righteous standards of character and unquestioning obedience to law. She is an expert, and we who are not experts should give cordial support to her administration even when we do not fully understand her methods. She has earned a right to the confidence of the community, and without that confidence she cannot succeed in her splendid but difficult undertaking. She has proved that she is endowed with patience and common sense as well as with vision and enthusiasm; it is for her supporters to prove that, without sacrificing their patience or their common sense, they can see something of her vision and catch something of her enthusiasm.

## THE YELLOW PERIL

There is a "yellow peril" which threatens the peace and prosperity of the American people, but it is not in the Far East; it is at home. It is the yellow journal. The Japan Society of New York publishes a "Bulletin" in which it corrects false reports of opinions and events and presents trustworthy news of affairs in Japan. In every number of the "Bulletin" there appear illustrations of the perverse misrepresentation of the Japanese attitude in relation to this country with which the yellow journals are apparently trying to develop prejudice and to foster ill will.

One of these misrepresentations was sent from Washington and printed at considerable length under the title "Our Government Alarmed!" It was stated that several hundred Japanese immigrants had recently arrived in Brazil; that there was an understanding between the Government of that country and the Government of Japan which involved the transportation of large numbers of immigrants; and that this state of facts had alarmed our Government. As a matter of fact, our Government was not in the least alarmed; first, because the immigration was exaggerated; second, because no such arrangement between Brazil and Japan had been made; and, third, because it was not a matter of the least concern either to our Government or to our country. The inference of the report in the form in which it was printed was that Japan was plotting against the peace of the American people, and doing surreptitiously on the Southern continent what she was unable to do on the Northern continent.

The same mischievous spirit showed itself in reports regarding the reception of the Mexican envoy in Japan. These reports said that he was received in audience by the Mikado; that the Foreign Office treated him with great coolness, but that he was welcomed cordially by people in the streets, and that anti-American cries were heard. Of course the Mikado received the envoy of another Government which it had recognized: and of course there are irresponsible people in the streets of Tokyo, mainly apprentices, of whom there are thousands in the little workshops, and university

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students, always ready for mischief, who would use the occasion to express themselves freely by way of protest against the Webb Law. The first incident was as much a matter of course as the reception of the British Ambassador by the President of the United States, and the so-called popular welcome is without significance. The fact that the Foreign Office gave the envoy a frosty reception is the only significant incident in the whole story. But readers were led to infer that there was something distinctly unfriendly to the United States in the treatment of the Huerta envoy. As a matter of fact, the Japanese Government has shown its usual sagacity and courtesy in refusing to make capital in any way out of the Mexican situation.

Another incident, which has nothing to do with Japan, goes far to explain the loss of influence by the press generally. A story was printed recently, not only in the yellow journals but in many journals that consider themselves as representing an entirely different kind of journalism, to the effect that a combination against the commercial growth of the United States had been made by Germany and England. The story, in the scope of the antagonism it seemed to indicate, was preposterous on the face of it, but it was solemnly printed at considerable length in perfectly respectable newspapers. It was contradicted by return cable, so to speak. It probably did no mischief, except to make readers of newspapers still more skeptical of the accuracy of their news: but it was painfully significant of the easy-going journalistic conscience of even respectable newspapers, which makes them willing to print stories which may affect international feeling and relations without taking the trouble to verify them.

This lack of responsibility on the part of many American newspapers is a very disturbing sign of the times. So far as Japan is concerned, it is safe to discredit practically all news from that country which in any way indicates a general anti-American feeling. In his very thoughtful and disturbing article on "American and Immigrant Blood" in the December "Century Magazine" Professor E. A. Ross explains the mental condition of the constituency to which the yellow journal addresses itself, and also points out the very serious injury which it is inflicting on the American people and their civilization:

> In accounting for yellow journalism, no one seems to have noticed that the saffron newspapers are aimed at a sub-American mind groping its way out of a fog. The scare-heads, red and green ink, pictures, words of one syllable, gong effects, and appeal to the primitive emotions are apt to jar upon the home-bred farmer or mechanic. "After all," he reflects, "I am not a child." Since its success in the great cities, this style of newspaper has been tried everywhere; but it appears there are soils in which the "yellows" will not thrive. When a population is sixty per cent American stock, the editor who takes for granted some intelligence in his readers outlasts the howling dervish. But when the native stock falls below thirty per cent, and the foreign element exceeds it, yellowness tends to become endemic. False simplicity, distortion, and crude emotionalism are the resources of newspapers striving to reach and interest undeveloped minds. But the arts that win the immigrant deprave the taste of native readers and lower the intelligence of the community.

## THE WHITE SLAVE FILMS

Many seem to think that the present generation has been the first to discover the existence of sex, and that this discovery—so called—is leading us inevitably into a sea of unwholesome thought. It is dangerous to make sweeping statements. It is as unsafe to indict a decade as a nation. A slight acquaintance with literature is enough to dispel the effect of the first part of this assertion that we hear so often and so glibly made. The second must be met with a demand for discrimination and for balanced judgment. While we have not discovered sex, it can be said perhaps that we are to-day approaching it in a somewhat different spirit than has obtained in the past. With neither the horror of the ascetic nor with the untrammeled welcome of the pagan we are seeking to mitigate those evils that arise from its abuse and to conserve the social advantages inherent in this the most obviously omnipresent manifestation of nature.

We have not discovered sex, it is true, but we have discovered some highly important facts regarding its laws. Those who quarrel with the modern attitude generally concern themselves with the manner in which this new knowledge is given to the public. Many, alive to the wrongs which have been done in the name of "propriety," sometimes forget that the reticence which they condemn springs in large part from a natural instinct, the strength of which may be taken as some measure of its importance. What they do *know* is that ignorance has often been made to

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masquerade in the guise of innocence. They recognize the social effects of the age-old conspiracy of silence—a conspiracy which has played an important part in the creation of that double standard of morality which has been the cause of such untold suffering and distress.

On the other hand, there are many others equally alive not only to the dangers of too swift a sweeping aside of the ancient barriers of restraint, but to the necessity of maintaining certain of these ancient barriers untouched and secure. Joined in strange yet perhaps inevitable alliance with the first class are those who seek sensationalism and the commercial exploitation of what to them is merely a money-making fad. Joined to the second class are no inconsiderable number of hypocrites and prudes ignorant of the underlying reasons for the traditions they are so ready to defend.

These two strangely assorted groups are at present at war over the production of certain moving pictures that portray the white slave traffic, now being shown in several New York theaters. These films in one form or another will probably be exhibited in the moving-picture circuits throughout the country. They present, therefore, a National problem as well as a problem local to New York. With this in view, two editors of The Outlook went to an exhibition of one set of films running under the advertised title of "The Traffic in Souls." This picture drama portrayed the attempts of cadets to trap girls from stores, railway terminals, and steamship piers; it brought home vividly the suffering that ensues, and, with the deadly assurance of all melodrama, the inevitable punishment that comes to those who cause or profit by the misfortunes of the weak and the unprotected. It is too much to say that there were no objectionable features in these films. They were false in some particulars of fact, and out of proportion in the presentation of others. Yet there can be little doubt that, no matter from what motives observers came to witness their production, they could hardly leave the theater save with a heightened disgust for the horrors necessarily attendant upon the continued existence of the social evil, and a determination to help, if only by thought and word, in the fight for its extinction.

With this in mind, it is difficult to consider other than with surprise the manner in which some of these films have been attacked. At least it is hard to take seriously the objections of a civic conscience which denies the right to attack flagrant wrong with every weapon in the arsenal of truth and which at the same time tolerates the presentation of evil under the guise of amusement in half the restaurants and on half the stages of the metropolis. Which is the greatest detriment to the social health, the surgeon's knife or the spreading of paint and powder over a wound? No one in these post-Victorian days publicly objects, apparently through fear of being thought prudish and unsophisticated, to the musical comedies founded upon the glorification of marital infidelity. Yet between these white slave films, pointing a moral which he who runs may read, and the "wit" and cynicism of the average musical farce, skillfully and successfully staged to appeal to the immature in age, mind, and morals, there is a gulf as wide as the seven seas.

The most valid objection to the reproduction of the best of these films is not that they promote immorality, but that they promote hysteria. Mrs. Barclay Hazard, head of the New York branch of the National Florence Crittenton Association, which cares for unfortunate women and girls, recently said: "We are extremely opposed to the airing of these subjects in drama and fiction. The only way they should be discussed is sanely and quietly by experts. All this talk about the poisoned needle that has been filling the papers is nothing but the result of the hysteria which is brought about by the state of mind people are getting into through the constant discussion of these subjects."

This objection from so authoritative a source can be partly met by the obvious reply that all social discussions are attended with danger of hysteria, that all knowledge is as capable of abuse as of proper use. Furthermore, much can be said for the "movies" as purveyors of social information which cannot be said for fiction and the drama. The "movies" are intensely democratic—emphatically more so than the legitimate stage or even the ubiquitous novel. They can be made accurate without offering to the adolescent mind opportunity or time for that intimate self-comparison and analysis which results from the reading of fiction. They can be made interesting without the alluring presentation of physical reality inseparable from the enactment of such themes upon the stage. The expert lectures which Mrs.

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Hazard recommends and which her Association has provided for in the city of New York are admirable and in every way to be desired. Is it not, however, a legitimate undertaking for the "movies" to supply headlines for her text? The reading of headlines has been called, with some show of truth, our National vice; but are not headlines which display some sense of social values and give some recognition to the existence of ordinary morality a necessary offset to such a caption as recently topped a news item in a New York daily: "Actress, Heroine of Two Divorces"?

If we grant that these white slave films contain potentialities for good, the question arises as to how their educational value can best be conserved and most wisely brought to the attention of the public at large. To prohibit their production in public theaters because such production is "commercial"—a course which some would have the authorities pursue—seems to The Outlook short-sighted and ineffectual. Such a course would be equivalent to taking the position of the mother in the nursery jingle who gave such unsatisfactory approval to her daughter's desire to swim. It would be practically saying, "Exhibit these pictures, but don't do it!" The question of whether these films are commercialized or not enters the discussion only wherever they are advertised by alluring posters or suggestive language. That is a question which each individual community will have to decide and settle for itself. In addition to such public presentation The Outlook sees no objection to the exhibition of such films as its editors witnessed before freshmen classes in college. Not only that, but with suitable interpretation they might, under some circumstances, be profitably shown to senior classes in the high school. This, however, should be decided, not on any general principle, but on an intimate knowledge of local conditions and local needs. It hardly seems possible that any boy with the normal human instincts for decency, when shown conclusively that the immoralities of individual men are responsible for the perpetuation of the vast horrors of the social evil, could enter upon a course of action that would link him body and soul to such an infamous system.

These films will not teach morality to the immoral. They will not by themselves inculcate high ideals. That is the business of the church and the home. They certainly will aid, we believe, in destroying the glamour of baseness. There are more ways than one of circumventing the devil.

## DIETARIANS, THEOLOGIANS, AND STAINED GLASS

"Go to," we can imagine some theoretical dietarian saying in the first flush of his acquaintance with carbohydrates, proteids, and calories. "I will construct you a scientific ration containing all the elements which I have found necessary to the preservation of life, and henceforth you can dispense with cooks and congeniality. Why waste time at the dinner-table when a capsule and a drink of water will suffice? You have been making food not only a means, but an end in itself. You have been immorally eager to recognize the fact that you enjoy eating. Digestion, my dear sir, is an organic function, not a social necessity. You are violating nature in violating this thought."

We can imagine too, perhaps, that a few zealots might follow the advice of this prophet of joyless food. The austerity of his programme might appeal to certain idealists, the annoying sanity of it might appeal to the rationalists, and the novelty of it might catch the attention of an occasional emotionalist. The question, however, is, How long could such a philosophy endure? We do not mean by this how long could the individual devotees of this system endure—though as to that we would be willing to hazard a guess—but how long would the system itself last in this world of complex desires and persistent instincts?

Stated in terms of appetite and digestion, this project approaches the height of the ridiculous. Stated in terms of faith, it has apparently been accepted by any number of theologians. More than one church has attempted in the past to lop off all the elements which its rationally minded leaders have seen fit to regard as non-essential to religion. When such a process takes place, almost the first "excess baggage" to be jettisoned is the love and the understanding of beauty—almost as though the captain of a bark, wishing to lighten ship in order to hasten his voyage, should throw overboard the half of his sails! Even so devout a Catholic as Francis Thompson has ventured to criticise his own Church, the mother of so many wonders in architecture and song, because she has at times forgotten the laurel bough she once so proudly flourished. "Fathers of the Church," he

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says in his essay on Shelley, "unroll the precedents of the Church's past; recall to your minds that Francis of Assisi was among the precursors of Dante; that, sworn to poverty, he foreswore not beauty, but discerned through the lamp Beauty the light God; that he was even more a poet in his miracles than in his melody; that poetry clung around the cowls of his order. . . . What you theoretically know, vividly realize: that with many the religion of beauty must always be a passion and a power, that it is only evil when divorced from the worship of the Primal Beauty." This criticism of Thompson is, however, rather beside the point we are discussing. It is a sin of omission rather than of commission which it condemns. There have been churches, however, which have regarded beauty as fundamentally akin to immorality and which by so doing have brought into existence the converse proposition of the decadents: that immorality is akin to beauty. The attempt to separate religion from the normal human love for beauty and the desire for artistic self-expression is decidedly similar to the suggested attempt to create for mankind a rational diet, to be assimilated yet not appreciated. The only difficulty with such a proposition lies in the fact that our souls and our stomachs, for reasons best known to themselves, happen not to have been built in a manner to make the project feasible. The attempt of religion to divorce beauty from its natural partnership ultimately results for the Church in a loss of spirituality and for the artist and poet in a loss of understanding.

Perhaps no little blame for the present lack of feeling for the fine points of ecclesiastical architecture may be laid at the door of some such process as has been suggested in this editorial. We have gained something, it is true, in breaking loose from the old methods of expression. Our modern church buildings permit a freedom of thought and a liberty of belief that might have been impossible under a continuously overmastering tyranny of Gothic tradition. On the other hand, we have been forced to relearn within the past decade many of the lessons of harmony and design which the mediæval churches of Europe have been insistently yet silently teaching since the great creative period of the Christian faith. We are learning that the church that is merely a huge auditorium is not fulfilling the highest possibilities of its existence if it fails to express in some way that spirit of faith of which it is the earthly habitation. It must present to the eye both the authority of the past and the aspiration of the future. This is what vitalized the Romanesque architecture of Italy, the Gothic cathedrals of France, and the little white-spired churches of our own colonial New England. That this truth has not wholly permeated the minds of either all of our artists or all of our critics a recent editorial in the "Independent" may be cited to show.

According to the "Independent," a stained-glass window which Andrew Carnegie had made in this country for the Dunfermline Cathedral has been rejected on the ground that it is non-ecclesiastical and too modern. The writer in the "Independent" then goes on to describe the window and to give his view of what the function of a church window should be. He says of Mr. Carnegie's offering: "It is a sunset view filling the entire space; they wanted conventional designs drawn from geometry or hagiography, and made up of little pieces of glass set in lead, as was done in the days when the art of making large panes of glass was unknown. . . . A window serves two purposes, to let in light and to look out of. Those who dislike the sunshine and the wider view of the transparent window may well color the glass, and in doing so make it as beautiful and interesting as possible. Of course no artist can make a window as beautiful and interesting as the scene it shuts out if the church be favorably situated." There is at least one historical inaccuracy in this criticism of Mr. Carnegie's window which perhaps deserves some mention. Builders of stained-glass windows continued to split up their panes into small and arbitrary divisions long after the art of making large sheets of glass was discovered. Even so late as the construction of Versailles the practice was common. Versailles is not a piece of ecclesiastical architecture, of course, but the reason for using small panes there is equally pertinent to church windows, modern and mediæval. The "Independent" to the contrary, a window should not be regarded as a hole fortunately located in an annoying blank wall, but as a structural part of the building in which it is situated. Large, clear panes are vitally useful, and therefore artistic things, in factories. They can sometimes be legitimately used in domestic architecture, but as part of the fabric of a wall of a mediæval church

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they are something worse than an anachronism. If it is light that is wanted, a window in *grisaille* will admit all that is needed and still preserve architectural proprieties.

This fancy for unbroken panes has long since developed into a desire to present in the medium of stained glass subjects quite as unsuitable as this realistic sunset of Mr. Carnegie's, and has led many modern artists into some strange incongruities. One well-known firm, dissatisfied with the limiting canvas presented by a single window, recently carried the arm of an unfortunate figure across an intervening four-foot wall and continued it in the next aperture. Only one artist working in the modern method has succeeded in creating works of art which will serve as subjects of study and delight for future generations. The late John La Farge succeeded because he was both a truly creative spirit animated by high ideals and a supreme master of the craftsmanship of his art.

But to return to the "Independent." A window, besides being of definite architectural value, has two functions. It should speak with the voice of one having authority as to the traditions and the hopes of which it is, or should be, an intimate symbol. It should let in light, it is true, but how better than through a screen of colors—colors which contain all the vital elements of that sunlight which the "Independent" is so loth to lose? Perhaps the "Independent" has been led into a misunderstanding of the interpretative value of stained glass through familiarity with the opalescent windows so popular in this country ten years ago, windows quite as far from the spirit of those radiant creations that adorn the cathedrals of Le Mans and Chartres as the outrageous eighteenth-century glass in the west window at Norwich. In losing sight of the fact that the effects most compatible with the medium of glass are those which go with pure, brilliant, and translucent color, of the fact that the art of making stained-glass windows is essentially decorative and architectural, of the fact that the painter in oils and the builders of windows are functionally as far apart as the sculptor and the musician, we have lost more of our sense of artistic values than can be regained in many years. But happily the pendulum is swinging back again. Some day we shall have relearned a lesson which we should never have forgotten.

# THE MORGAN ANNOUNCEMENT

## A POLL OF THE PRESS

"THE late J. Pierpont Morgan," says the Buffalo "Express" (Ind. Rep.), "always had the sound idea of doing what he could to make a corporation whose securities his firm had marketed earn money for the investors. He assumed that his firm was in duty bound to protect so far as possible the investments of its clients. Hence the firm had representatives in a great many boards of directors."

"Morganization" was the word sometimes used to describe this particular effort to build up the country's industrial life. It was concentration of control. This system was largely Mr. Morgan's work. He brought to it the experience of "the international mind." For, as the Detroit "Journal" (Rep.) says, "the world-girdling interests of the late J. P. Morgan showed the multiform activity of his colossal mind. He proved himself a great intellect, a big business brain, and became as powerful as such a man can become. He never needed to fear any other financier or group of financiers." As the Philadelphia "Record" (Ind. Dem.) remarks, in his system of control he displayed "tenacity of purpose, absolute confidence in his own plans, and integrity of motives." The paper adds:

> In his testimony before the Pujo Committee he more than once expressed his belief that this concentration of control was distinctly for the public good, and that greater and more beneficial results could be accomplished by combination than by competition. There is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Morgan was entirely sincere in his views, and so strong was his personality and so great the public faith in his integrity that his frank statements carried much weight.

But, "admitting the personal virtue of individuals, and the great good that they undoubtedly did in their private capacities, as well as the enormous benefit they were able to render in the development of industry and trade, there remains the belief," the Waterbury "American" (Ind. Rep.) points out, "that the injury was the thing on which our attention should be concentrated." This

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injury has been the more evident, adds the Philadelphia "Record" (Ind. Dem.), "since the collapse of the New Haven bubble, which was regarded as a distinctly Morgan concern." Referring to the danger in the control of so many great corporations and vast amounts of capital, this Philadelphia paper speaks as follows:

The change in sentiment really began some years ago, when the disclosure of the insurance company scandals, which showed that their enormous resources had been handled by a few powerful capitalists, largely for their own benefit, compelled a reform in that direction. Since then there has been a steady unscrambling, including the American Tobacco Company, the Standard Oil Company, and lately the American Telephone and Telegraph Company by amicable agreement. Evidently this indication of the trend of events has not been lost upon the very astute gentlemen who constitute the firm of Morgan & Co.

## THE ANNOUNCEMENT

The announcement made by Messrs. Morgan & Co. says:

We have long wished to withdraw from the directorates of many corporations. Most of these directorships we have accepted with reluctance, and only because we felt constrained to keep in touch with properties which we had reorganized or whose securities we have recommended to the public, both here and abroad. An apparent change in public sentiment in regard to directorships seems now to warrant us in seeking to resign from some of these connections.

Then are given the names of about thirty corporations, financial and industrial, from whose boards members of the firm have already resigned. These include some of the best known in the country. It is manifest, the Washington "Herald" (Ind.) opines, from Mr. Morgan's statement that other resignations are likely to follow. This is also the Waterbury "American's" (Ind. Rep.) view, which warns, however, thus:

That these men and corporations—for others must follow the Morgans—have done great good, and that their retirement will be attended by injury, at least during the readjustment necessary, is obvious enough. . . .

It is a serious moment when the blessings we anticipate from this resolution into its many parts of the concentrated power represented by the Morgans are mixed with the risks incurred by a scattering of power which has contributed so much to the extraordinary development of business and the vast accumulations of wealth in this country.

In any case, it is a far-reaching event when, as the Detroit "Journal" (Rep.) says, "the Napoleonic house of Morgan, which has so long been to us all a symbol of unlimited financial power, has taken the first step in a Napoleonic abdication."

## PUBLIC OPINION

"The retirement of the Morgan firm, or the individual members of it, from the directorates of a great many banks and corporations with which they have been influentially connected is . . . an almost unique illustration of the force of public opinion," judges the Waterbury "American" (Ind. Rep.). An unfriendly, not to say uncharitable, view of this conformity to public opinion is furnished by the New York "American" (Ind. Dem.), which says:

The very ostentatious withdrawal of members of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. from many of the directorates hitherto held by them is important as a surrender to public sentiment, as a symptom of a new and prudent purpose on the part of practitioners of high finance to defer to the public will at least in non-essentials. . . .

It is probably taken in the hope that by it public sentiment may be satisfied, agitation quieted, and a check put upon the demand for the more stringent measures which are really necessary to the correction of the peculiar financial conditions which Morgan & Co. peculiarly represent.

What is really significant, what makes the action of this firm noteworthy, is that Morgan & Co. should have at last recognized in public sentiment—always hitherto flouted and scorned with exceptional insolence by them—a force which to-day may not be defied by the most powerful of financial houses with impunity.

Evidently the following passage, taken from another New York paper, the "Tribune" (Rep.), was written in a different frame of mind:

Mr. Morgan's statement that he welcomes the change in public sentiment which permits him and his associates to shake off such burdens and to contract their activities on corporation boards is directly in harmony with the fact, often overlooked, that the overconcentration of credit of which the public has justly complained was not planned deliberately, but was really an unconscious growth.

## INTERLOCKING DIRECTORATES

A good many people, remarks the Knoxville, Tennessee, "Sentinel" (Dem.), have always believed that "the power of corporations to create and manipulate other corporations, and the interlocking directorates whereby groups of corporations are tied together in mutual dependence for offense and defense, were the fundamental evils of the trust situation." To this issue the Morgan announcement draws immediate and inevitable atten-

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tion. Most papers regard the announcement as a corrective of those evils. Yet the New York "American" (Ind. Dem.) declares that, as a corrective of the evils of which these directorates are the outward evidence, the Morgan action "is utterly without effect." It adds:

The interlocking directorates are evidences of the Morgan control of an enormous number of great corporations, some of them supposed to be conflicting and competing, others acknowledgedly co-operating, but all controlled and conducted, if not for their mutual interest, at least for the interest of their common masters.

The abolition of interlocking directorates will not abolish the control of these many great corporations any more than the Supreme Court's alleged dissolution of the Tobacco Trust and the Oil Trust really dissolved those combinations. In the case of the Oil Trust the control of each of the individual corporations still remains with Rockefeller, and with that the control of the conduct of all of these individual corporations, quite as thoroughly as when they were formally merged.

In the same way, when the interlocking directorates have been unlocked, the control of the separate corporations will still remain with Morgan & Co., to be conducted by Morgan & Co., exploited by Morgan & Co., reorganized by Morgan & Co., all for the profit and financial advancement of Morgan & Co., no matter what may happen to the corporations or to the stockholders in them.

Not so, reply many papers like the Buffalo "Express" (Rep.). The Morgan announcement, they claim, is one "actually giving effect to the increasing sentiment against interlocking directorates." This interlocking system was natural, adds the Buffalo paper, "so far as the Morgan firm was concerned, which had for one purpose, at least, the protection of investors." The "Express" adds:

Whether the interlocking directorate has been a good or a bad feature of our corporation life is hardly worth discussing, now that the break has come. That it contained the possibility of grave danger, if the power it represented was lodged in the hands of unscrupulous men, has been acknowledged by our foremost industrial and financial leaders.

In the same spirit the New York "Tribune" (Rep.) says that, though no "money trust" exists, or is likely to exist, an approach to a "credit trust" is made possible by the co-operative action on many important boards of a relatively small number of individuals. The "Tribune" adds:

The members of the Morgan firm say that they surrender gladly their responsibilities as multiple directors. Many of those responsibilities were assumed in the first flush of the period of corporation expansion, and many more were entailed by the reorganizations which the firm undertook. The latter were accepted more or less under compulsion and for the benefit of the properties involved, and there is no reason to doubt that they are resigned with a sense of relief.

Another New York paper, the "Press" (Prog.), even prophesies that the end of interlocking directorates is not far off "when the members of the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co withdraw from the many boards on which they have been serving."

Some Western papers, like the Sioux Falls, South Dakota, "Press" (Ind.), for instance, also prophesy that this action sounds "the death knell of interlocking directorates and . . . it is open recognition on the part of great corporations that their privilege of exploiting the public for their personal gain has ceased to be a divine right." The "Press" continues:

The curse of interlocking directorates has been the fetter that has held Uncle Sam in all his attempts to conquer the growing power of the great monopolies. Efforts have been made time and again under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law to break up big combines, but always the bugaboo of interlocking directorates would show up to frustrate the attempt. The dissolution of the Southern Pacific marked, perhaps, the first real breaking up of a merger. This was followed by a number of minor cases and led to the filing of many big suits which the United States was determined to push. Then came the awakening. The effect of the voluntary dissolution of the Bell telephone combination has at last reached the real great "man higher up," with the result that we see the largest money combination in the world agreeing of its own accord to release its hold on big business. Wall street stands aghast as it sees ahead the doom of its sway over finance, but the people look on and applaud.

The New York "World" (Dem.) thus disposes of the whole situation: "It is needless to say that if Big Business will but follow Mr. Morgan's creditable example . . . the trust question will be settled without further disturbance, and the country will enter upon a new era of industrial peace and prosperity."

To this the New York "Tribune" adds:

The Morgan firm deserves great credit for meeting a business situation boldly and generously. To do a necessary thing voluntarily and in advance of any suggestion of legal compulsion shows breadth and keenness of mind. On the principle that he who gives quickly gives twice, Mr. Morgan and his associates have done the country a doubly valuable service. They have put themselves in the van in an inevitable business reform. The late J. P Morgan was always a pioneer and leader in his field. It is good to know that his successors have inherited his sound preception and instinct for leadership.

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# THE DALCROZE IDEA

## WHAT EURHYTHMICS IS AND WHAT IT MEANS

### BY MARGARET NAUMBURG

*At a time when the muse of dancing, having apparently borrowed or stolen the pipe of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, is whistling all but the halt and maimed into her train, the following discussion of the rhythmic gymnastics of Jacques Dalcroze should have particular appeal. If "rhythmic gymnastics" brings to the reader's mind a vision of rows of bloomer-clad girls swinging Indian clubs to the insistent throbbing of a nasal-voiced piano, it is a misnomer. Equally misleading is this title if it conveys an impression that Jacques Dalcroze has merely built up a new school of esthetic dancing. Last week a teacher of the Dalcroze method, Miss Lenggenhagen, gave a demonstration of "rhythmic gymnastics" in the rooms of the New York Society of Ethical Culture before the members of the Federation for Child Study. She showed how each different kind of note in a musical composition was expressed by certain definite motions of the arms; how each measure was translated into steps or series of steps. A little child of perhaps eight years likewise gave an exhibition of her knowledge of music and the dance. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this exhibition was the remarkable control which both teacher and pupil manifested over their bodies. The child marked three-four time with her right arm, four-four time with her left arm, meanwhile tripping off the measures with delightful self-possession, stopping either her feet or her arms at the direction of her teacher, and then continuing the dance with the next measure in perfect time. Any one who has attempted to pat his head and rub his stomach at the same time will appreciate at least some of the difficulty in such an undertaking. Such a demonstration of course dealt only with the elementary movements taught by the Dalcroze method. More elaborate dances were worked out. "Eurhythmics," to use a shorter and better name for rhythmic gymnastics, is a scientific method of utilizing our natural instincts for rhythm in the acquisition of an intimate knowledge of musical construction, in the development of a more perfect co-ordination between mind and body, and in the creation of a new outlet for artistic expression. In the following article Miss Naumburg has written an exposition of this new educational method. Those who witnessed this exhibition of rhythmic gymnastics would be loth to say that she is over-enthusiastic.—THE EDITORS.*

RECENTLY I happened to tell an acquaintance interested in music about the Jacques Dalcroze method of eurhythmics, which is causing quite a furor in the educational and artistic circles of Europe. I explained how students of the Dalcroze method develop an inner sense of rhythm and harmony by translating the varied rhythms of music into corresponding bodily movements.

"I see," said my friend, after asking many questions about the method, "the musical significance of such a rhythmic training of the body in response to the musical values. But what interests me particularly is that idea of bringing out the inner sense of rhythm that all people have hidden within them. I've had some experience with that very thing in my factory. If my mill hands haven't a certain inner rhythmic feeling, there is a set of looms in the mill that they can never learn to run. I've run these looms myself, so I know what it means. The shuttle moves one hundred and seventeen times to the minute, and unless the shuttle is shifted to the second the thread breaks. You can't count the movements; you simply have to feel the rhythm of the machine to run it. If a man cannot feel the rhythm at first, not a lifetime of practice will ever teach him to run that loom. That's rather a practical example for you of what use rhythmic feeling can be even to a mill hand. No doubt M. Jacques Dalcroze never thought of that."

"But that is just what Dalcroze did think of—the practical significance of his rhythmic training," I said. "At Hellerau, the garden suburb of Dresden where Dalcroze has his College of Rhythm, the children of the worker as well as the wealthy are trained in rhythmic gymnastics as the foundation of a complete education. You see Dalcroze now feels that his method depends on the discovery of a principle that affects every part of life."

Plato discovered some two thousand years previously that without an inner feeling for rhythm no outward expression can be



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rhythmic. And then, because Plato was an educator and not a manufacturer, he reasoned that if rhythmic expression demanded rhythmic feeling we must work out the best possible method for such rhythmic training. This Plato did in his "Republic," placing music and gymnastics in the Greek sense of the word as the basis of an ideal education. But our so-called classical education has wandered far afield from the original Greek conception of education as the synthetic training of mind and body, and has completely intellectualized it. Mental training has become the bulwark of our education, physical and artistic training are regarded as incidentals. Artistic feeling and physical poise, instead of being regarded as the essentials of right education, are slipped in as extras if there is time. This modern attitude towards education speaks for itself in a recent book on "Experimental Education," by Robert R. Rusk. "Gymnastics and music," he says, "are not to be regarded as recuperative, and by reason of their slight educational value should be relegated to the end of the day."

Once upon a time Plato said that every man's life stands in need of a right rhythm. In these turkey-trotting days, the world says that for every man's life there is but one rhythm. The rhythmic instinct is still as strong in young America as it was in ancient Greece. Rhythm will out. The question for us to consider is whether we will use it as a force for a complete educative training or let it take the perverted form of ragtime dances.

For various people the Dalcroze method

## NOTE, in explanation of the A B C of the Dalcroze method, with special reference to the illustrations on the opposite page

*From experiments with musicians Dalcroze tried experiments with children. First using only the head and arms to express rhythm, he later added the movements of the feet. He soon threw over completely the old method of teaching music to a child by means of an instrument. Instead he began the study of music by a careful and experimental teaching of movement in close relation to the time and rhythm of the music. He worked out a series of movements for the feet and arms and head, to express time values, and these might be called the alphabet of the Dalcroze method. These elementary movements have first to be mastered in order to work out the interpretation of more and more elaborate music. At first the arms beat the time, whether it be $\frac{2}{4}$, or $\frac{3}{4}$, or $\frac{6}{4}$, etc. The quarter note forms the unit on which the rhythmic work is built. So for the value of every quarter note there is an equivalent arm movement. For instance, in $\frac{2}{4}$ time the hands drop down to the side and then swing above the head; for $\frac{3}{4}$ time the arms go down beside the body on the first beat, then out to the sides on the second beat, and above the head on the third or final beat. In $\frac{4}{4}$ time one more movement is inserted; the first movement is again arms down to the sides, the second is arms crossed in front, the third movement is arms out to each side, and the fourth movement is arms above the head again. This series of beating time is elaborated, always one more movement being added to the series as the time increases to $\frac{5}{4}$, $\frac{6}{4}$, etc., up to $\frac{12}{4}$ time. A glance at the illustrations will make this idea clearer. Figure No. 1 shows a variation of the first movement in any time. Figure No. 2 shows the second position in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which becomes the third position in $\frac{4}{4}$ time. Figure No. 3 shows the second position in $\frac{4}{4}$ time. And Figure No. 4 shows the final position in any time. Following the illustrations in the order of Nos. 1, 3, 2, 4, the four positions show the consecutive order of the movements in $\frac{4}{4}$ time. No. 5 is a somewhat freer interpretation in which the movement of the body expresses note duration while the arms express the time; and No. 6 is the fourth position of the arms when beating $\frac{6}{4}$ time.*

*Note duration is expressed by the forward movement of the feet and the body. A quarter note, the length of an average step forward, forms the unit. Eighth notes are stepped rapidly, half the length of the quarter note, and sixteenth notes are so short that they become light running steps. A half note is held double the time of a quarter note; the first quarter note value is expressed by a step, the second by a bend of the knee. A dotted half note is represented by three movements—a step forward with one foot and two movements with the other. A whole note in $\frac{4}{4}$ time is shown by a step forward with one foot and three movements of the feet. If the whole note occurs in $\frac{5}{4}$ time, it is expressed by five movements of the feet; if in $\frac{6}{4}$, by six movements, etc.—M. N.*

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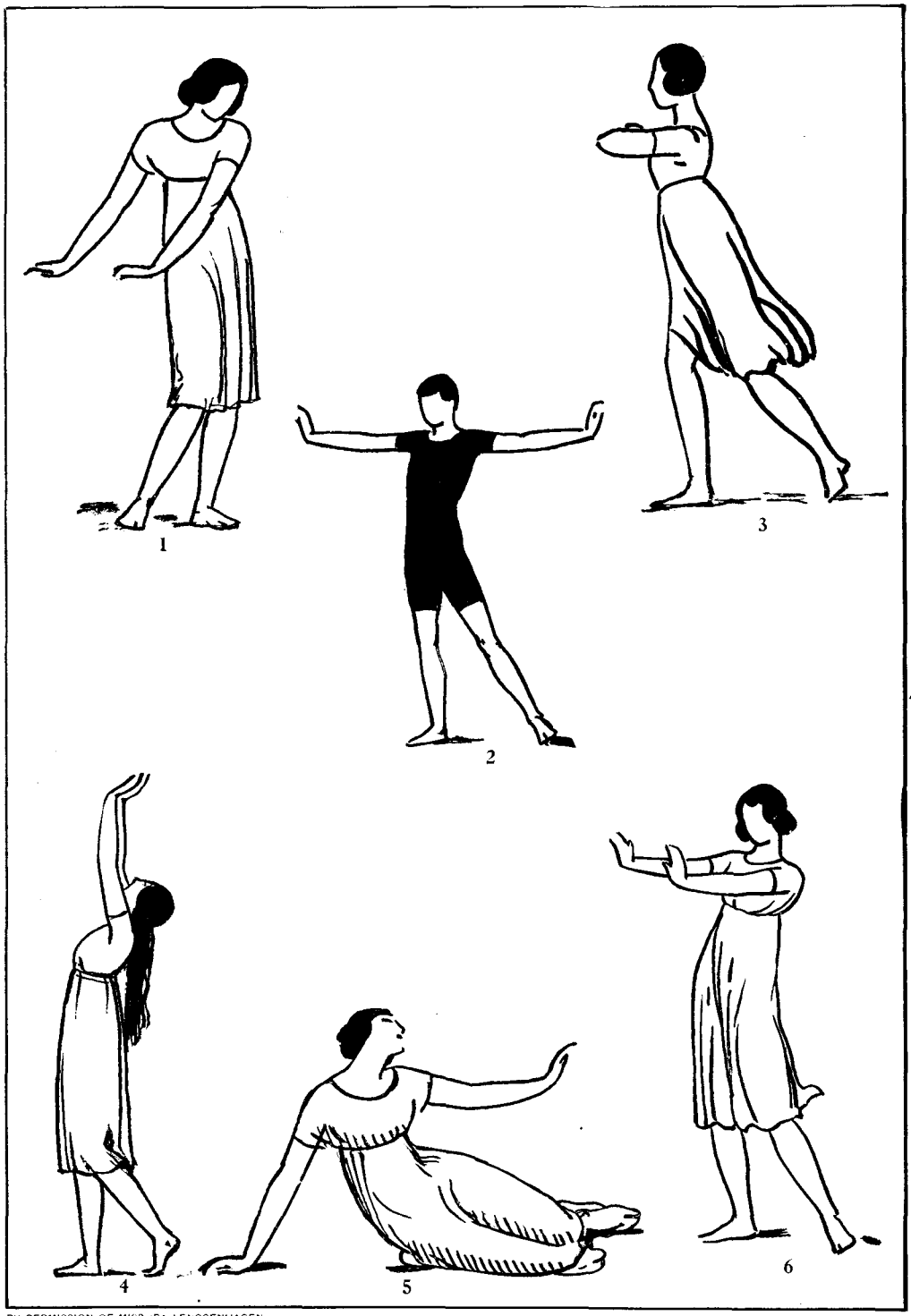


BY PERMISSION OF MISS IDA LENGGENHAGEN

THE PHYSICAL EXPRESSION OF MUSIC

See note on opposite page

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will have different significance, depending on their temperament and their interests, and varying with their æsthetic and mental endowments. To cite an illuminating example. A group of young women with the most varied interests and training started to study the Dalcroze method together. In this class there were two æsthetic dancers, two musicians, and one painter. It was interesting to see the effect of the work in eurhythmics on such different pupils. One might expect that those who had done æsthetic dancing would most easily grasp another method of expressing music by movements of the body. But this was not the case. The Dalcroze method makes bodily movements depend on the exact musical values, so that the music and the bodily expression are so closely related that together they form a whole. The dancers were used to expressing themselves by free movements, with music merely as an accompaniment. Just because the Dalcroze method depends on exact interpretation of note and measure duration, it was the three musicians and not the dancers in the class who first grasped the Dalcroze idea—a proof that eurhythmics, as the entire system is called, is not just a new variety of æsthetic dancing.

The painter in the Dalcroze class felt that the rhythmic work gave her a fresh æsthetic sensitiveness; that it made her understand more deeply the purpose of the Post-Impressionists to express pure rhythm in painting. "I used to laugh," she said, "at the people who talked of painting in terms of music, but now I can't help feeling composition that way myself. When I did this picture," she explained, showing me a sketch of Fifth Avenue done from the top of a motor bus, "the converging lines of all the streets seemed to express the main theme, the flow of the music. And all those moving vehicles in the streets below seemed to be the running accompaniment. The tall buildings, one next to the other down the line, were the individual notes of the music. And those recurrent church spires in between were the accents marking time on the beat." Then she added, "I suppose if I said this to any one but you, he would think I was posing, and never believe I feel it just that way within me. But then no one who has not experienced the Dalcroze eurhythmics himself can really understand."

Eurhythmics makes possible an active enjoyment of music. Heretofore only those skilled in the use of a musical instrument could express themselves through music. Now Dalcroze trains us to again regard our bodies as subtle and supple instruments easily within the reach of all for the expression of the finest *nuances* of harmony and rhythm. How many of the people who fill the concert halls know how to listen to music actively, mentally as well as emotionally? A goodly number certainly go to concerts for an emotional thrill. Incessant concert-going, like incessant novel-reading, may become just a method of emotional debauch. Plato might have had our modern passive concert-goer in mind when in the "Republic" he points out that music taken passively may undermine the fiber of a man, while music used actively for self-expression strengthens a man spiritually.

The Dalcroze Method of Rhythmic Gymnastics was originally evolved as a special training for musicians. But the scope of the method when applied to children turned out to be far wider than had been foreseen. It became a method of education, developing physical poise, attention, and a new susceptibility to beauty of form and sound. In the Dalcroze work the time of the music is indicated by the movements of the arms and the head, the note duration by movements of the feet and body. The Note opposite the illustrations on the preceding page explains this in detail. At first it seems impossibly difficult to beat even the simplest time with the arms while walking the length of the notes with the feet. But very rapidly the motor habits are formed, and subconsciously one can continue to beat a rhythm with the arms and attend to a change in the length of the notes for the feet. Later on, the power of concentration and motor control is so completely developed that pupils are able to beat different rhythms with each arm while keeping time with their feet. When the technic of the method is mastered, it falls into the background, and simply becomes the language by which the form and time of the music are expressed, and is subject to infinite variation, while the person expresses the spirit of the music by his own moods and the quality of his gestures.

M. Dalcroze, speaking of the way his method of eurhythmics was built up, said that the method seemed simple enough at first, but his experience proved the opposite. He says:

"Most children have no instinct for time,

*(Continued on page following illustrations)*

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# Current Events Pictorially Treated

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THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF CORRECTION IN NEW YORK CITY, MISS KATHARINE B. DAVIS, SWEARING IN A DEPUTY

Miss Davis is the first woman to head a department in New York's city government. The significance of her appointment is discussed editorially in this issue

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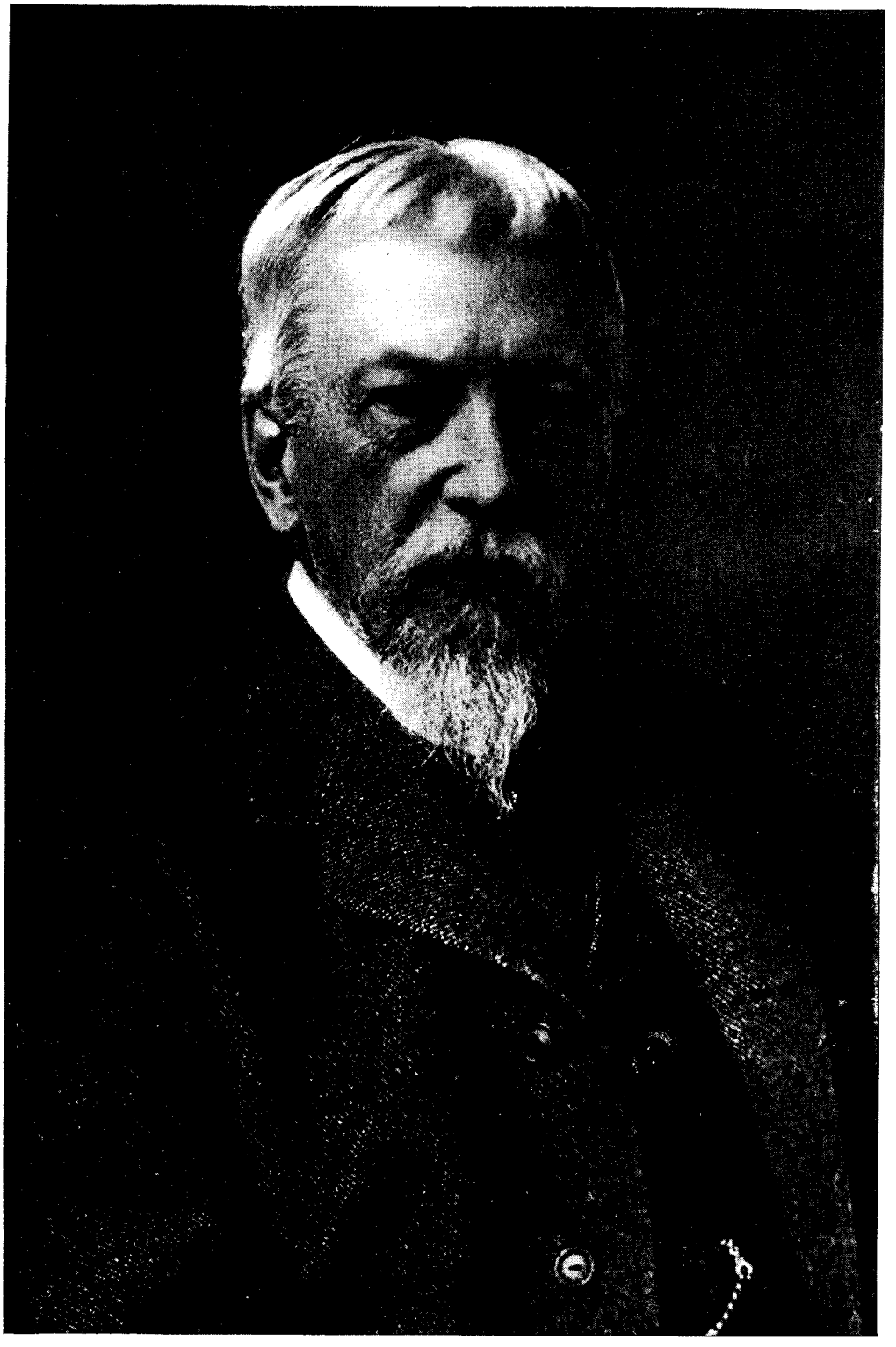

S. WEIR MITCHELL

Physician; novelist; poet. Born February 15, 1829; died January 4, 1914. See editorial pages

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DR. SHOSUKE SATO

Japan's second Exchange Lecturer to the United States. He was educated in America. He is a Christian. Dr. Sato comes from Sapporo, "the most American of all Japanese cities," a city laid out by American engineers. He is President of the Sapporo Agricultural College. See article elsewhere in this issue

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BY COURTESY OF MRS. LUTHER H. GULICK

THE CAMP-FIRE

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BY COURTESY OF MRS. LUTHER H. GULICK

THE SUNRISE

## THE SYMBOLISM OF THE CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

These two photographs of Camp-Fire Girls in their ceremonial costume illustrate certain characteristics fostered by this new and growing organization, which aims to be for girls what the organization of Boy Scouts is for boys. These three characteristics are: enjoyment of outdoor life, appreciation of beauty in every-day things, and the cultivation of the symbolic and ceremonial. The camp-fire is an emblem of the home. These two pictures thus symbolize, first, in the lighting of the fire, the primary duty of the woman to care for the home, and second, in the welcome to the sunrise, woman's new opportunity to extend home ideals throughout the community

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THE FOUR SAINTS

THE QUEEN'S DOLLS

Specially dressed by the Queen of England for this exhibition
It will be noted that the Queen prefers the conventional dolls to the newer ones with less regular features

## THE DOLL SHOW AT ALBERT HALL, LONDON

The vast hall of the Albert Memorial was filled with dolls of every description. The show was opened by the Lord Mayor, and many prominent society women dressed dolls for the show

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FROM L'ILLUSTRATION

MONA LISA AGAIN IN THE HANDS OF HER FRIENDS

The picture shows the famous painting in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, after its recovery; on the left of the picture are Signor Poggi, Director of the Uffizi Gallery; Signor Corrado Ricci, Director-General of the Italian Bureau of Fine Arts; and Signor Luigi Cavenaghi, a well-known painter. The portrait has since been replaced in its original position in the Louvre Gallery in Paris

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—*From Life*

EL TOREADOR PACIFICO

"Señoras—Señoritas—behold! Have patience. We shall subjugate this insane bull without a sword"

RECOGNITION

—*From the New York Sun*

AMERICAN CARTOONS

"¡A MÍ NO M'ECHE FRIJOLES!"

This may be translated literally, "Don't throw any beans at me!" or freely, "None of your Yankee sass!"

—*From Multicolor, of Mexico City*

A MEXICAN CARTOON

## PRESIDENT WILSON'S MEXICAN POLICY AS TREATED BY MEXICAN AND AMERICAN CARTOONISTS

These pictures are of interest not only because of the views expressed but because they illustrate the differing styles of cartoon-making in the two countries

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for time values, for accentuation, for physical balance, because the motor faculties are not the same in all individuals and because a number of obstacles impede the exact and rapid realization of mental conceptions. One child is always behind the beat when marching, another always ahead, another takes unequal steps, another, on the contrary, lacks balance. All these faults, if not corrected in the first years, will reappear later in the musical technic of the individual. Unsteady time when singing or playing, confusion in playing, inability to follow when accompanying, accentuating too roughly or with lack of precision, all these faults have their origin in the child's muscular and nervous control, in lack of coordination between the mind which conceives, the brain which orders, the nerve which transmits, and the muscle which executes. And, still more, the power of phrasing and shading music with feeling depends equally upon the training of the nerve centers, upon the coordination of the muscular system, upon rapid communication between brain and limb —in a word, upon the health of the whole organism."

People are very much puzzled as to how to classify the Dalcroze eurhythmics. It is very difficult to make them realize that it does not come exactly under any one of our modern categories. One person asks, "Isn't it more like dancing than musical training?" Another asks, "Isn't it really a system of gymnastics and not fancy dancing at all?" Still others inquire, "Isn't it fundamentally a musical rather than a physical training?" Others question, "Don't you think it's more of a training in mental than physical co-ordination?" or, "Doesn't this method of leg and arm movements lead to mechanical rather than spontaneous movements for self-expression?"

Not one, nor two, nor three of the categories mentioned in these questions describe what the Dalcroze method really is. In a sense it is all and yet none of these things. It is certainly a synthetic training of mind and body. The entire body must feel the rhythm, when the mind analyzes it and the muscles express it in movement. It is a method of musical training, because the bodily expression of the music depends on the musical analysis of its rhythm. It resembles dancing in so far as it expresses movement in harmony with music, but, as I have explained above, eurhythmics differs fundamentally from dancing by translating musical values into exact space duration, so that body and music become one. Rhythmic gymnastics resemble ordinary gymnastics only in so far as they both require the muscular exertion of the body. There the resemblance ceases, for the Dalcroze method of eurhythmics never becomes an automatic group of exercises, because this series of movements is only the means to expressing musical ideas, which are infinite.

While teaching harmony at the Conservatory of Music at Geneva in 1892, M. Dalcroze first developed his method of rhythmic gymnastics to train musicians in more accurate feeling for rhythm. Only later was the value for eurhythmics in the education of children realized. To quote M. Dalcroze's own words:

"It is true that I first devised my method as a musician for musicians. But the further I carried my experiments, the more I noticed that, while a method intended to develop the sense for rhythm, and indeed based on such development, is of great importance in the education of a musician, its chief value lies in the fact that it trains the powers of apperception and of expression in the individual and renders easier the externalization of natural emotions. Experience teaches me that a man is not ready for the specialized study of an art until his character is formed and his powers of expression developed."

In 1910 M. Dalcroze was invited to come to Hellerau and establish his college of rhythm there in spacious buildings planned especially for that purpose. Since then interest in the method has spread to all parts of Europe. Visitors come to Hellerau from Russia, France, England, and America. And they are not merely the curious-minded sightseers, but world-famous musicians, painters, actors, stage managers, playwrights, doctors, and educators who go there for inspiration. Such a varied array as Prince Wolkonsky, Rachmaninoff, Max Shellings, Nijinsky, Max Reinhardt's stage manager, Granville Barker, and Bernard Shaw have gone to Hellerau and come back convinced of the importance of the Dalcroze method. Students from every foreign country are to be found working with Dalcroze. Schools for training in eurhythmics have been running successfully for several years in Paris and London. There are already three Dalcroze teachers in America—one in Chicago, one at Bryn Mawr College, and one in New York. Next year M. Dalcroze expects to come to America to lecture.

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# THE GIRL IN NO. 59

## FURTHER ADVENTURES IN THE WORLD OF A SINGLE CELL

## BY GEORGE KENNAN

*A young Russian journalist was arrested and locked up in Litovski Zamok, an old prison in St. Petersburg. There, by means of raps on the walls, he received a communication from an unknown fellow-prisoner and learned from him an ingenious alphabet of raps or knocks. By knocking on different parts of the wall, according to a diagram like a huge checkerboard, communication was made comparatively easy. Then the imprisoned journalist was transferred to a lonely cell in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. There, after months of maddening solitude, he discovered, by means of holes which had been pricked in a bit of paper according to the alphabet of the checkerboard square, that one of his classmates in the university was a fellow-prisoner. Thus ends the story of "The Checkerboard Square," printed in last week's Outlook. The following story, which is the second of a series of four Russian stories by Mr. Kennan, begins where the story of "The Checkerboard Square" ended.—THE EDITORS.*

THE finding of my classmate's name in a frozen sphere of bread, picked up in the courtyard, turned all my thoughts into a new channel. If Blok could get his name through to me by the courtyard route, I could perhaps communicate with him in the same way. He would scrutinize the ground over which he passed even more closely than I did, and would be sure to pick up, in the course of his daily walk, anything that I might drop in the course of mine. But how should I make a record? My cigarette wrapper would hold six or eight words, but what should I write them with? Blok had apparently used a pin. I had no pin, and there was absolutely nothing in my cell with which I could make a legible mark on thin paper. I tried rubbing the quill of a small feather from my pillow in the black, charred top of the lampwick; but this experiment failed. In ransacking my memory for methods of recording thought practiced by primitive man, I happened, at last, to think of the quipu, and the idea occurred to me that by tying groups of knots in a thread I could make the numbers of the checkerboard square. Getting an unbroken thread of the necessary length would be difficult, but not impossible. There was material enough in the cotton cover of my pillow, and I could unweave the fabric a little at a time while lying in bed at night. The guard only glanced into the cell when I seemed to be asleep, and there was little probability that he would notice what I was doing.

At the end of three days I had in hand a thread ten or twelve feet long, in which there were more than a hundred knots. These knots, in the checkerboard-square code, made the words, "Voronin—Well—Courage." I thought at first that I would follow Blok's example by inclosing the record in a sphere of moistened bread; but upon reflection I decided to tangle it up a little and drop it on the ground in a snarl. It would look like an innocent bit of raveling, and the chances were ten to one that the soldiers of the guard would give it no attention, even if they noticed it. On the following day, when I was taken out for my walk, I carried the thread to the courtyard in my mouth, dropped it beside the path near a little tuft of withered grass, and went back to my cell filled with hopeful anticipations. Blok would find the quipu, and it would encourage him, as the finding of his name in a ball of frozen bread had encouraged me. I even hoped that I might get a reply from him.

When I next visited the courtyard, the knotted thread was gone; but the hope that it would reach its destination and elicit a reply was never realized. Day after day I searched the small pentagonal courtyard with my eyes, as I paced across it from wall to wall: but neither on the path nor beside it was there anything that looked promising. Still, I did not allow myself to become discouraged. The *brodyag* in the Litovski Zamok had rapped out the word "Understand?" more than a hundred times before he got into communication with me, and I ought to have at least as much patience as a *muzhik*. Besides that, these attempts at intercommunication gave me something to do and think of.

In the course of the next fortnight I pre-



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pared and dropped in the courtyard three more thread quipus, which I made and knotted while lying in my bed at night. I was also able to utilize at last my hoarded cigarette wrapper. In a bowl of fish soup which was given me one Sunday for dinner I found a slender bone, which I made into an awl by sharpening it on the concrete floor. With this I pricked groups of holes in the paper, to correspond with numbers in the checkerboard square, and, inclosing the message in a small bread ball, I dropped it in the courtyard. All of these communications were picked up by somebody. Every one disappeared within forty-eight hours, and most of them within twenty-four; but not one of them ever brought me what could properly be called a response. In the course of January and February I picked up in the courtyard two balls of bread with scraps of cigarette paper inclosed. One contained a man's name written, apparently, with the end of a half-burned match, and the other a different name pricked in the paper with a splinter or a pin. Each of the writers doubtless wished to inform somebody that he had been arrested, or that he was still alive; but neither of them was known to me.

I finally became satisfied, from experiment and reflection, that there was little chance of reaching in this way any particular person. It was like throwing overboard a message in a bottle at sea, with the expectation that it would be picked up by a particular ship. In the Trubetskoi bastion at that time there were twenty or thirty political prisoners, and all took their exercise, daily but separately, in that courtyard. Some of them, who had not had the benefit of a *brodyag's* instruction, might not think of looking on the ground for a bit of bread or a piece of string; but most of them probably *would* think of it, and my particular message would be found by the man who happened to follow me. That might be Blok, but the chances were twenty or thirty to one that it would be somebody else.

So far as I could subsequently learn, no political prisoner who was in the fortress that winter ever succeeded in getting a reply to a message dropped in the courtyard. Many replies were made, but they all went criss-cross and fell into the wrong hands. Two of my quipus and the bread-inclosed cigarette wrapper were found, but the prisoners who discovered them did not know me, and Blok, for whom they were intended, picked up two or three communications from men who were strangers to him. One of his finds, as he afterward told me, was a bit of window glass on which three or four words and a name had been written with grease—probably from soup—which congealed and became visible in the frosty air of the courtyard.

About the middle of January the severity of the fortress régime, so far at least as it concerned me, was relaxed. After another inquisitorial examination by an officer of the Third Section, I was notified that a single member of my family would be permitted to see me once a month, and that I might have officially approved books in my cell. The first family interview, which was with my mother, proved to be so distressing to us both that I begged her not to come again. It took place in a small, gloomy room fitted up for the purpose with two partitions, or screens, of heavy wire netting. I stood behind one screen, and my mother, six or eight feet away, stood behind the other, while between us, at a small table, sat a gendarme, who listened to all that was said, and who warned us that the talk must be strictly confined to family matters. Any reference to public affairs or contemporary events would be followed by the breaking off of the interview and the withdrawal of the privilege. But to look through two wire screens at my mother's tear-wet, grief-stricken face and exchange a few words with her over the head of an unsympathetic gendarme was a refined form of torture rather than a privilege. My changed appearance was a shock, of course, to her, while her sobs and piteous inquiries about my health were very trying, emotionally, to me. If I could have taken her in my arms and comforted her, the interview might have strengthened and consoled us both; but what can one say to one's mother across an eight-foot wire cage in which there sits a hostile official? When, at the end of five or ten minutes, the gendarme rose to his feet, I took one last look at my mother's convulsed, agonized face and went back to my cell. Poor mother! Momentous events in the outside world which she did not dare speak about to me made her fear that I might be sent into penal servitude, or even be hanged.[1]

More consoling to me than any possible

[1] These events were the beginning of terrorism and the assassination, or attempted assassination, of General Mezentsof, Chief of Gendarmes; Governor Kropotkin, of Kharkof; General Drenteln, Chief of the Third Section; and finally the Czar.—G. K.

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interview through wire screens was the permission to have books in my cell. No volume less than ten years old was allowed, and there were certain restrictions with regard to subjects; but science and standard fiction were not regarded as incendiary, and no objection was made to Darwin's "Origin of Species" (an expurgated Russian translation which I read a second time), nor to the well-known works of English and American novelists, with which I was less familiar than with our own literature. I read that winter, I remember, Dickens's "David Copperfield" and "Old Curiosity Shop," and the "Leatherstocking Tales" of your countryman Cooper. Every book was carefully examined, leaf by leaf, when I returned it, in order to make sure that I had made no marks in it, and that no paper had been torn out of it.

During the remainder of the winter the conditions of my life did not materially change, except in the matter of light. As the season advanced the days became longer, and the lamp in my cell was lighted at 5 P.M. instead of 2, and put out at 7 A.M. instead of 10; but there was never light enough to be cheering, while there was always enough to show the black walls, the vaulted ceiling, the high grated window, and the eyes at the peep-hole in the door. Eight or ten hours of total darkness every day would have been a relief, because in darkness one's imagination may wander freely, while in the light it is restricted by the barriers of visible reality.

Before the end of the winter my health was seriously impaired. My appetite failed: assimilation of food became imperfect; I grew emaciated, and began to suffer from sleeplessness and neurasthenia. The state of my body, however, gave me less concern than the state of my mind. In spite of all that I could do, I found myself sinking into an apathetic melancholia, from which I was roused only by short paroxysms of acute nervous irritability, in which the chiming of "Have mercy, O Lord!" from the belfry of the fortress cathedral every fifteen minutes and the appearance of the expressionless eyes at the slit in the door every half-hour seemed to me not only torturing, but absolutely insupportable.

But a great change was at hand.

Two or three times in the early spring, when I happened to be awake in the middle of the night, I heard footsteps and the jingling clash of chains in the corridor. I knew that these sounds indicated the bringing in of "important" or "dangerous" political prisoners in leg fetters; but that these additions to the fortress population would affect my life in any way was a thought that never occurred to me. And yet the newcomers were destined to bring about a radical change in the worst of the fortress conditions, and to widen immeasurably the horizon of my world. Throughout the winter the number of prisoners in the bastion was so small that the jailers could leave a cell empty on each side of every man. This had the effect of making the isolation in every case complete, because there was no possibility of communicating by means of knocks across an empty cell. Owing, however, to an event in the outside world of which I was ignorant (the adoption of the policy of terror by the extreme wing of the revolutionary party), the number of political arrests suddenly and greatly increased, and in the spring of 1879 the police of the Third Section sent to the fortress more than forty persons who were regarded as too "important" or too "dangerous" to be confined in prisons of the ordinary type.[1] This compelled the fortress authorities to put a prisoner into every cell, and made it impossible to isolate a man completely by sandwiching him between two cells that were empty. I did not know this, nor did I know that the bastion was rapidly filling up. All of the new men came in the night, and I did not always hear them unless they happened to be in leg fetters. The hateful sound of clashing chains generally roused me, even when I was asleep; but dozens of prisoners were brought in noiselessly, and nearly all of the empty casemates on my corridor had been filled before I even suspected it.

One morning in the late spring—I think it was May, but I had almost lost count of days and months—I was startled by what seemed to be a faint regular throbbing in the wall of the casemate to which the head of my bed was bolted. I thought for an instant that it might be hallucination—I was in constant dread of that—but upon pressing my ear to the wall I could hear it distinctly: knock-knock—knock-knock—knock-knock. With trembling hand I replied, using the same signal. Then, in the long-disused but well-remembered numbers of the checkerboard

[1] At the time to which Voronin refers General Drenteln, Chief of the Third Section, caused more than a thousand arrests to be made in St. Petersburg alone.—G. K.

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square, came the same inquiry that the *brodyag* had made in the Litovski Zamok:

"Understand?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Thank God! Who is it?"

"Eugene Voronin."

"I don't know the name. Have you been here long?"

"About ten months. Who are you?"

"Olga Novitskaya."

A woman! And she knew the numbers of the checkerboard square! I was so astounded that for a moment I made no response, but I did not lose my wits. The eyes of the guard at the slit of the "judas" had made too deep an impression on me to be forgotten even in excitement.

"Stop knocking!" I said. "It is nearly time for the guard. Wait until I call you."

When the sentinel looked into the casemate all was quiet and I was apparently reading. As soon as he had gone, and I could count with reasonable certainty upon twenty minutes of safety, I knocked again for attention and inquired:

"Where are you from?"

"Moscow."

"Do you know anything that has happened outside this year?"

"Yes, almost everything."

"Tell me."

"Have you heard of the attempt to assassinate the Czar?"

"No."

"Then you don't know that Mezentsof and Kropotkin have been killed?"

"No; who killed them?"

"Terrorists; by order of the Executive Committee of the revolutionary party. They have just tried to kill Drenteln, and last of all the Czar. There have been thousands of arrests."

"How did you hear? Are you just from outside?"

"No; I have been in the Moscow prison several months. I learned the knock alphabet there, and they couldn't keep the news from us. It was signaled to us from outside, with a book and a candle, at night."

"When were you brought here?"

"Yesterday; and I was horribly afraid this morning that my knocks would not be heard or understood—the walls look so thick."

"Is the charge against you serious?"

"I don't know. I'm not a terrorist, but this is my second term of imprisonment. I suppose the charge will be revolutionary propaganda. I shall probably go to Siberia, but I am not afraid."

During the next two or three days I talked with Miss Novitskaya perhaps twenty times, in the intervals between the visits of the guard to our doors, and obtained from her an outline of her life and experience. She was the daughter of a small landed proprietor living near Tver, and had become interested, even as a young girl, in the educational crusade for the uplift of the peasants which was widely known in the seventies as "going to the people." When, a few years later, she became a student in the Women's University in Moscow,[1] she taught for a time in a secret night school for factory operatives; but she was soon arrested and was held in prison about five months. Upon her release she joined a circle of fellow-students—men and women—who met once a week for the discussion of social and political questions. This circle soon became revolutionary in spirit, if not in practice; and when it was broken up by the police, some of its members resisted arrest, and all were thrown into prison as possible terrorists.

Such, in brief, was my fellow-prisoner's history. It was a common story. Hundreds of refined and cultivated young women at that time had a similar experience.

After I got into communication with the girl in No. 59 events followed one another so rapidly that I was kept constantly in a state of excitement and emotional tension. Two or three days later a prisoner was put into No. 57, and he soon began knocking to me. We did not know each other even by name; but he had just been transferred from another part of the bastion and could give me news that was even more important to me than that which I had learned from Miss Novitskaya.

"Don't be afraid to knock," he said. "The guards can't stop it, even if they see you. The bastion is full, and there aren't dark cells enough to hold a tenth of us. The worst they can do now is to give us dungeon conditions" (bread and water), "and we can stand that. The dark cells have already been filled."

My new neighbor's statements were soon confirmed. The guard caught me in the act of knocking that very day, but could not—or at least did not—carry out his threat to

[1] The "Higher Courses of Instruction for Women," which gave what was equivalent to a university training. —G. K.

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imprison me in a dark cell. My book and exercise privileges were withdrawn, and I was put on a dungeon diet of bread and water; but what did I care for books or exercise, or even food, when I could exchange thoughts and share emotions with sympathetic human beings?

Our jailers, however, were not at the end of their resources. A few mornings later I called Miss Novitskaya and began to talk to her about recent events in the outside world—events that to me were so new and so startling. Her knocking was slower than usual, and she did not make use of abbreviations in spelling, as she had been accustomed to do. Her talk, too, seemed formal and perfunctory, instead of eager and impulsive, as it had been before.

"Are you ill?" I inquired.

"No; I am quite well."

"You seem strange in some way."

"I did not sleep much last night and have a headache."

She then began to talk about revolutionary activity in St. Petersburg and to inquire the names of persons with whom I had been associated in the circle to which I belonged. I had no reason whatever for distrusting her, but I did not care to give names to any one, and particularly to a woman who, after long imprisonment, might not have firmness of character enough to hold her mental grip under the strain of a threatening and terrifying examination by an experienced officer of police. I therefore broke off the conversation and said that I would call her again later.

In less than an hour my neighbor on the other side—a revolutionist named Kobeko—signaled to me and knocked out rapidly the words:

"Don't talk to No. 59. Novitskaya is not there. They transferred her in the night to a cell above yours in the upper tier, and they may have put a police spy in her place. Be careful!"

So this was the explanation of the strangeness, the "headache," and the inquiries for names!

After a moment's reflection, I determined to have another short interview with the spy in No. 59, who knew the checkerboard square, and who had set this trap for me. He responded at once to my call, and, rapping out the words without abbreviations, I said:

"No spy can play the part of a cultured woman, even behind a wall. 'You'll succeed with your lies when the God of truth dies.'" (Russian proverb.)

He seemed to be taken aback, and for a moment made no reply. Then he rapped out slowly the words:

"You traitors will die before God does, and some of you very soon."

This was my first experience with a police spy, and it made me cautious. I did not, however, cease to communicate with Kobeko, and through him I learned that in a neighboring casemate—No. 56 of the lower tier—was my dear friend Dubrovin, a lieutenant in the Willmanstrand infantry regiment, of whose arrest I had not heard. He had been brought to the fortress in leg fetters, and Kobeko, who also knew him well, seemed to think that his case was very serious, partly because he was an army officer, and partly because he had drawn a weapon and offered resistance to the police at the time of his arrest. The least that he could expect, Kobeko thought, was penal servitude for life. I dreaded an even worse fate than that for him, because it was foreshadowed in the threat of the police spy: "You traitors will die before God does, and some of you very soon."

Two or three days later (I know now that it was the 30th of May) Kobeko called me and said:

"Dubrovin is to be hanged in one of the courtyards at sunrise to-morrow morning. A priest has just been with him. Can't we bid him good-by with our voices, instead of with knocks? Our window sashes are open, and I think he can hear us. Let us try, about midnight; it will perhaps be safest then."

Long before the appointed hour I was standing under my window, thinking what I could say to encourage my friend and comrade in the last hours of his life. Under such conditions it would be impossible to say much, and possibly our jailers would prevent us from saying anything.

The bells of the fortress cathedral had just finished chiming the midnight melody—"God Save the Czar!"—when I heard a voice calling:

"Dubrovin!"

As if answering at a roll call, a deeper voice replied:

"Present."

I don't know what I expected Kobeko to say, but I certainly expected him to say something; and yet Dubrovin's response was fol-

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lowed by perfect silence. A minute passed —two minutes—and still I could hear nothing. At last the bass voice called:

"Voronin!"

"I'm here," I replied.

"Sing Béranger's 'Old Corporal'"—a poem that had been set to music in Russia, and that we had often sung together in happier days.

I was so overcome with sympathy and grief that it seemed impossible to sing, but if Béranger's "Old Corporal" could give my comrade any comfort I must try.

Two or three other prisoners joined in at the second line, and with their support I managed to get through the first stanza.

"Good!" said Dubrovin. "Sing the next verse."

His voice was steady, but something in its quality showed that he was deeply moved. I made a desperate effort to go on, but broke down at the third line. Not one of us was able to finish the second verse, although the melody, without the words, was carried to the end by a clear contralto voice in one of the casemates of the upper tier.

"Thank you," said Dubrovin; "that will do. Good-night."

I went away from the window, threw myself on my bed, and bit deeply into my arm to keep from sobbing.

None of us ever heard the condemned man's voice again, although he rapped good-by to Kobeko just before he was taken out to the scaffold. We had not said to him what we meant to say, but he had seemed reluctant to speak of his own impending death, and the singing of "The Old Corporal" had so unmanned us all that we could not even bid him good-by without showing him our weakness and thus making it harder for him to die with dignity and self-possession. It would have been different, perhaps, if we had been in a normal condition, and if we had been accustomed to use our voices and hear the voices of others in daily life.

The fortress authorities made no attempt to stop our communication with Dubrovin, although of course they were aware of it. Perhaps they thought that by allowing us to talk and listening to what we said they could get information that would prove useful, or perhaps even they were ashamed to deny the poor boon of a farewell to a man who was to die on the scaffold at dawn. I do not know.

A whole day passed before Kobeko and I tried to communicate with each other again. Scanty food, sleeplessness, and emotional strain had exhausted us both, and in the depression that followed Dubrovin's death we felt no impulse to talk. On the second day, however, he called me and said:

"Olga Novitskaya is in the casemate directly over yours in the upper tier. We have found that we can communicate with the upper cells through our tables. They are bolted into the walls and knocks can be heard through them. Put your ear to your table and listen. Olga will call you."

In less than five minutes Miss Novitskaya and I were in communication. Her knocks came to me very faintly, but the stillness in the fortress was so profound that when I pressed my ear to the table I could hear them.

Then began a knock-alphabet correspondence which lasted throughout the whole remaining term of our imprisonment. Making the intimate acquaintance of a woman without ever seeing her or hearing her voice was for me a strange experience; but it is not too much, I think, to say that in the next three months I came to know Olga Novitskaya better than I knew any other human being except my mother. We talked of everything—childhood, parents, domestic life, university experience, friends, books, the state of Russia, "going to the people," and the revolutionary movement—and the more completely she revealed herself to me, the more deeply I was impressed by her courage, intelligence, sympathy, cheerfulness, and, at times, even gayety of spirit. If she was ever disheartened or depressed, she did not show it to me. She always looked forward to a brighter future for Russia and for ourselves; and if I was able to bear with reasonable fortitude the hardships and privations of my last three months in the Trubetskoi bastion, the credit was hers.

About midsummer, when we had been freed from dungeon conditions and had been permitted to resume our daily walks in the courtyard, I celebrated my first birthday in prison. Early in the morning Olga and Kobeko knocked to me their greetings and good wishes, and a few hours later the former said:

"I have just come from my walk. I picked a sprig of blossoming *kuroslepnik* [chickweed] for your birthday. I couldn't send it to you, but I left it at the corner of the bath-house next the path. Look for it,

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and imagine that it is a spray of *landysh* [lily of the valley]. It's all I could find."

The bit of chickweed was withered when I got it, but I have the dry dust of it yet.

The end of our fortress imprisonment came in August. About three o'clock one morning a warden unlocked and opened the door of my cell, and said to me:

"Come."

I followed him to the office of the prison, where the commander of the Siberian convoy made a careful examination of my person; noted my features and physical characteristics as set forth in a description which he held in his hand; and at last, being apparently satisfied as to my identity, received me formally from the prison authorities. I was then taken to the *corps de garde*, a large room on the ground floor, at the door of which stood an armed sentry. The spacious but low and gloomy hall was dimly lighted by a few flaring lamps and candles, and in the middle of it, at two long, bare tables, sat ten or fifteen men and women in coarse gray overcoats drinking tea. Most of these prisoners were condemned convicts from the Alexis ravelin and other little-known parts of the fortress, and all were in leg fetters. Near the door, in a little group, stood six or eight uniformed gendarmes and officers of the detective police, several of them masked, who watched the prisoners intently, whispering now and then among themselves as if communicating to one another the results of their observations. The stillness of the room was broken only by the faint hissing of two or three brass samovars on the tables and an occasional jingle of chains as one of the convicts moved his feet. There was no conversation, and a chance observer never would have imagined that the gray-coated figures sitting silently side by side at the tables were near friends, and in some cases relatives, who had long been buried in the casemates of the fortress, and who were looking into one another's faces for the first time in years.

As I entered the room one of the prisoners, whose face I did not at first recognize but who proved to be Blok, rushed forward to meet me, and as he threw his arms around me whispered in my ear.

"Don't recognize anybody but me—the gendarmes are watching us."

I understood the warning. The police really knew very little about the history and revolutionary records of some of the politicals who were present, and it was important that they should not be able to get a clue to any one's identity or past history by noting recognitions as prisoner after prisoner was brought in. The incautious manifestation of emotion by one convict as he met another might result in the return of both to the casemates of the fortress, and their detention there until their mutual relations could be investigated. This was the reason for the silence that prevailed throughout the gloomy hall, and for the seeming indifference with which the prisoners regarded one another. On one side of the table sat an old comrade of whom we had heard nothing in years, and whom we had all supposed to be dead. On the other side were a young man and his betrothed, who for three years had not seen each other, and who, when thus reunited under the eyes of the gendarmes, did not dare to speak. Near them sat a pale, thin woman, about twenty-seven years of age, who held in her arms a sickly baby, born in a casemate of the fortress, and who looked anxiously at the door every time it opened with the hope of seeing her husband brought in to join the party. Many of us knew that her husband was dead, but no one dared to tell her that she watched the door in vain.

There were five women present when I entered the room, and I looked eagerly at them all, thinking that Olga might be among them and that I might recognize her; but most of them seemed too old, and none of them resembled the imaginary picture that I had in my mind. I had nearly abandoned hope, when a soldier came in with a sixth woman—a young girl, twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with dark hair gathered up in a big, high knot; dark, luminous eyes with faint shadows under them; a pale brunette complexion; and features that were harmonious and attractive without being perfectly regular.

"That must be Olga!" I said to myself, and as she took a seat at one of the tables I looked at her with almost fierce intensity, as if I could compel her in that way to recognize me. But her glance swept across my face without a sign of interest, and then became fixed on the masked police and the gendarmes. She was perfectly self-controlled, and her pale, resolute face showed neither excitement nor fear.

Nothing could have been more dramatic than the scene in that gloomy hall at half-past four in the morning, when the last of

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the prisoners had been brought in. The strange and unnatural stillness in a room filled with people, the contrast between the blue and silver uniforms of the gendarmes and the leg fetters and gray overcoats of the convicts, the furtive whispering of the masked police, and the silence and assumed stolidity of the pale-faced men and women whom they watched—all this would have made the scene striking and impressive even to a chance spectator. To one, however, who could look beneath the surface of things, who could appreciate the tragic significance of the situation and see with spiritual insight the hot tides of hatred, agony, sympathy, and pity which surged under those gray overcoats, the scene was not merely striking and impressive but terrible and heartrending.

At five o'clock in the morning we were taken in closed and curtained carriages to the station of the Nikolaivsk Railway. There, under the direction of armed guards, we took seats in a convict car with grated windows, and began our long journey to Siberia. The hard-labor convicts, who were all in leg fetters, were destined for the mines of Kara; but the administrative exiles—Miss Novitskaya, Blok, and I—were to be taken to Semipalatinsk, Ust Kamenogorsk, and Ulbinsk.

I met Olga, at last, in the train. It was incredibly strange to have to make the acquaintance of her personal appearance, her voice, her facial expression—everything—for the first time, when I already knew her soul to its profoundest depths.

I don't know when I first felt sure that I loved her, but I think it was when I picked up the withered sprig of chickweed that she left for me on my birthday "at the corner of the bath-house next the path" in the courtyard of the Trubetskoi bastion.

We went up the Irtish River together in a convict barge, and before I bade her good-by at Semipalatinsk, where she was to remain, we were betrothed. Her term of exile was shorter than mine, and when it ended she joined me in Ulbinsk, where we were married soon after you were there.

When I told you a year ago that the biggest thing of my life happened to me in the fortress, I warned you that it was very personal. You said that you wanted the story, and here it is.

*Mr. Kennan's next story will be entitled "A Russian Comedy of Errors." In the story of this issue and that of the preceding one, about "The World of a Single Cell," Mr. Kennan has described the life of the Russian revolutionists in the great state prisons of Russia. There has been nothing like that life anywhere else in the world. No story of it can be otherwise than somber. The next story, however, is more cheerful. As the first two stories told of prison life, so this will deal with the methods of the Russian police. It tells of an American, a breezy Westerner, who comes into contact with the Russian police, and consequently has adventures. His idea is that the Russians are a mean-spirited people who do not venture to stand up for their rights. He begins his adventures when his papers are seized, and he finally finds himself under suspicion of being connected with bomb-throwers. When he puts his theories into practice—but Mr. Kennan will tell the story himself. Though the incidents described occurred many years ago, the same things are happening to-day and will happen to-morrow. The fourth of Mr. Kennan's stories, entitled "A Sacrilegious Fox-Hunt," will illustrate the methods of the Russian courts.—THE EDITORS.*

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# THACKERAY'S LONDON

## BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

IF you wish to make a house or a locality a shrine to which pilgrims will come long after the makers of fortunes have been forgotten and their wealth divided or wasted, get a man who deals with ideas to live in it or to write about or paint it. The great artist has immense commercial value to everybody except himself. If he happens to write novels in which life and art are so happily united that the critics take their hats off and the plain people open their hearts to him, he may enjoy a generous income, but he enriches others far more than himself. A man of genius may sell many things, but he gives out of all proportion to what he sells. His casual contact with things often invests them with immortality, and a host of people are remembered because they were lucky enough to be counted the friends of some Immortal. We remember Mæcenas not because he was a rich man of cultivated tastes, but because he was lucky enough to know Horace and Virgil. Queen Elizabeth was a notable person. but her days were made "spacious" largely because she was fortunate enough to count among her subjects men whose thoughts gave her reign a more than royal splendor; and it may be suspected that the good Queen Victoria will long stand in the light of the group of poets and scientists who gave the Victorian Age high intellectual distinction.

It would shock the Grand Duke Carl August of Saxe-Weimar if he were told that his chance of being remembered was bound up with the fame of his great Minister; the fact that Eckermann talked with Goethe has touched a local and passing reputation, and it survives a hundred reputations more securely won. Lockhart will live because Scott on his death-bed told him to be a good man; and James T. Fields will be remembered because he was publisher and friend to the men who gave American literature its start in the world. In no ignoble sense men and women who stand near people of genius often find places in literary history and shine, like satellites, in reflected light.

It is shocking to hear the driver of the motor char-à-bancs at Grasmere announce "Ten minutes for Wordsworth's grave," but it shows how valuable for commercial purpose so unworldly a poet as the author of "Intimations" may be. The greatest asset of Warwickshire is the fact that Shakespeare lived there; Burns has made Ayrshire a place of pilgrimage; and Walter Scott, who died in a heartbreaking struggle to pay off a debt which others had contracted, has added greatly to the revenues of thrifty Scotland. The world pays little regard to its poets, and often dismisses them as "unpractical" as stupidly as a man sells a piece of ground on which there is an undeveloped gold mine. The value of a real poet is so great that if an ambitious community had any imagination, instead of spending money for handsome plans of non-existent parks and avenues, it would persuade a poet to live in the place. His presence would help in other ways as well. But this is a counsel of perfection.

The house in which a poet lived may be as old and shabby as was Poe's cottage at Fordham, but age increases its value and dilapidation adds to its interest. The unpretentious house in Cheyne Row attracts almost as many visitors as Westminster Palace, and more people are interested in the Casa Guidi than in any bank in Florence. A succession of important financial or social people may live in a house and nobody recalls them, but let Turgenev spend a winter and write a book in it, and straightway a tablet proudly announces the fact. Even a scamp like Villon makes people eager to discover the remains of the Paris of his day, and the later stages of the city bear the names of great writers, as do many of its streets. There is the Paris of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," of Daudet's "Kings in Exile," of Zola's "Nana."

And between Chaucer and Thackeray there have been many Londons, of which three stand out with more or less distinctness: the London of Shakespeare, of Addison and Steele, of Johnson. The city meant more to the author of "Vanity Fair" and he did more to visualize it for us than any of his predecessors. He knew its social aspects intimately; he lived its life in experience as well as in imagination; and he has made some of its most interesting localities as familiar as the city of the twentieth century. He was pre-eminently a man of the city, as Hardy is a man of the country. He was



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concerned with social problems in the society sense; with the relations of men and women, not in the broad intercourse or non-intercourse of classes, but in their intimate association in families and groups. The Newcomes, the Crawleys, Lord Steyne, Philip, Pendennis, were all of London; and even the Virginians came home from the colonies to find fate waiting in London. When Thackeray leaves London, the reader prepares to take light luggage with him. He may spend weeks in Baden-Baden or Paris, and he may hear the roar of the cannon of Waterloo, but getting back to London is a matter of months if not of days; and if he is eager to see the novelist at work or at play, he will find him at one of his clubs; for he was a man's man and at his best with men.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, in his latest book, "In Thackeray's London" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York), has done much more than present the London background of the novels; he has given us the companionship of the novelist in his happiest moments and in the places that were dear to him, and he has done this in the only way in which it could be effectively done: by the aid of the pencil as well as of the pen. London has found many chroniclers, but none who has caught and reproduced its soft, rich murkiness as the etchers have seen and conveyed it. To Whistler and Pennell London was as splendid in its gloom or ripe dilapidation as it was solemnly beautiful to Wordsworth approaching it at dawn over Westminster Bridge.

This mellow duskiness, which has deeply impressed the imagination of Mr. James, makes the great city with its miles of "mean streets" as rich in suggestion to the artist as Bruges or Burgos or Assisi.

The medium which most impressively conveys this humanization of London by the smoke of a million fires glowing warm and bright in a million homes is charcoal, and in this venture into the City of Colonel Newcome Mr. Smith has wisely chosen a medium which is, for his purpose, the local vocabulary. The cloister, chapel, and rooms in Grey Friars; the Smithfield Market, which lies almost at the gate of the ancient school; and the venerable St. Bartholomew's the Great, one of the few churches which survived the Great Fire, are caught, so to speak, in the very act of being very old and immensely interesting; and the Reform Club, in the great rooms of which one seems still to feel Thackeray's presence reading before the coal fire or writing in the library; the Cock Tavern, which has kept its homely furnishings from the time of James I, though, after the modern manner, it has moved from the site where Pepys found it on the evening when, in company with the pretty Mrs. Knipp, he ate lobster and made merry far too late into the night, and where, years later, the plump head waiter in "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologues" was ordered to "fetch a pint of port;" Lamb's Court in the Temple, on which Warrington and Pendennis looked down as they smoked much tobacco and had endless talk—these and other places dear to the readers of Thackeray add verisimilitude to the text.

A few cynics will sneer at the text; they have so long fraudulently claimed Thackeray as one of themselves and have deceived so many innocent folk that the warm-hearted intimacy, the undisguised tenderness of the text, will affect them as unpleasantly as a sudden flash of heroism in an age which they have agreed is sunk deep in sordid commercialism. In the long history of misconceptions of great men none has been more stupid than placing Thackeray among the cynics. Thackeray, who so mercilessly exposed sham and pretension and hypocrisy, but who always uncovered and bowed his head in the presence of sorrow or faith or honest affection; the man who described the splendid scene when Esmond broke his sword and threw it at the feet of the Prince, and Rawdon Crawley felled Lord Steyne with a blow; the man who stood in the Pensioner's room and heard the chapel bell toll until the last note sounded and saw "a peculiar sweet smile" on the face of Colonel Newcome and heard the "Adsum" as he fell back on the pillow, had the same insight of heart which Shakespeare had when he brought the greatest of modern tragedies to an end with those pregnant words, "The rest is silence." No cynic ever wrote such words as these with bared head and heart. They have forgotten—these critics of the cool heart—that of the four great gentlemen in literature Thackeray drew the portraits of two. "The cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing," wrote Wilde. It is the special characteristic of the gentleman that he knows the values of things and does not take the prices into account.

The text, with the drawings, gives this book permanent value for the lovers of Thackeray.

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Its informality, its extreme modernness of method, bring the older London into striking relief; while its affection, which is wholly unashamed, brings us very near the secret of the author of the novels which neither changes of custom nor of heart will dislodge from their place among the enduring works of English genius.

# A LECTURER FROM JAPAN[1]

## BY GAIL CLELAND

LAST night [the author is writing in Sapporo, Japan, under date of December 4 last], Sapporo's chief citizen, Dr. Shosuke Sato, departed for America. It was a great occasion for Sapporo, and hundreds of her people, every one a personal friend of Dr. Sato, assembled at the station to see him off. A multitude of students were there from the Agricultural College of Tohoku Imperial University, of which Dr. Sato is the director, and every student carried a Japanese paper lantern in festive honor. A group of Americans were there, each with a small American flag, proud and happy, for every one of them regards Dr. Sato with affection. And colleagues and friends filled to overflowing the remaining space of the wide station platform.

As the train drew out, the crowd of students and friends lifted their voices in a mighty "Banzai!" for "Sato Hakase," and the miniature Stars and Stripes were waved with ardor by the "foreigners." Dr. Sato, standing upon the car step, lifting his hat in acknowledgment of the cheers, smiled when he caught sight of the American flags, and, leaning far out, he seized one of them and waved it genially above his head. And then he was gone.

The incident is not without interest to Americans, for it was thus that Sapporo, "the most American of all Japanese cities," sent her most esteemed citizen to be Japan's second exchange lecturer to the United States. It may also be of interest for Americans to know that Japan's first exchange lecturer, Dr. Inazo Nitobe, was a former citizen of Sapporo, and, like Dr. Sato, a graduate from the Sapporo Agricultural College. And it is significant that both of these men are earnest Christians.

Dr. Sato is peculiarly fitted for his present mission to America, for not only does he come from the most American of Japanese cities, but he is the pupil of a great American teacher, the convert of a noted American missionary, the graduate of a leading American university, the classmate of the present President of the United States, and altogether one of the most loyal friends of America on this side of the Pacific. And Sapporo, the city which produced him, though not in any strict sense an American city, is unquestionably Western, for it was founded and laid out by American engineers; it has wide, straight American streets—a rare thing in Japan; its surrounding farms were started under American management, many of its farm products are of American introduction, and the whole section may be described quite accurately as a Japanese experiment station for American civilization.

After Japan had been "opened" by Commodore Perry, and the Meiji revolution had restored the power of government to the Emperor, Hokkaido, the great northern island of the Empire, was opened for colonization: and the far-sighted Colonial Governor, General Kuroda, himself went to America to learn what lessons he could regarding the colonization policy then prevailing in the Western United States. The two most important lessons which he gained are summed up in the words *leadership* and *education*. He induced his Government to employ General Capron as a leader to direct the colonial enterprise of Hokkaido, and he secured the services of Dr. William S. Clark, President of the Massachusetts College of Agriculture, to organize an agricultural college in Sapporo.

One of the thirteen students who enrolled in the first class under Dr. Clark was Shosuke Sato, a tall, strong youth of nineteen, who came by Government appointment from the province of Morioka. His father was a

[1] A portrait of Dr. Sato appears this week in the picture section.—THE EDITORS.

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Samurai, and he was filled with the Samurai's ambition to serve his country, so he came to Sapporo with his mind receptive for the best things which the American teacher could give him. Dr. Clark labored for only one year in Hokkaido, but he gave his best; and that single year was epoch-making in the lives of the thirteen boys who came under his instruction. The Government wanted him to teach morals, so he taught the only morality which he knew, Christianity. And before the year was ended ten of those boys, Shosuke Sato among the rest, decided to become Christians. Bishop Harris, then a young missionary of Hakodate, came up to Sapporo to officiate at the baptism, thus marking the beginning of a lifelong friendship with Shosuke Sato.

When Dr. Clark rode away from Sapporo at the end of the year, he gave as his parting word to the students, "Boys, be ambitious," and they never forgot the mandate. There was no higher ambition conceivable to Shosuke Sato than to emulate his teacher, and when he graduated from the college, three years later, he determined to go to America for further training. The way was not immediately open, for the path of least resistance to a college graduate at that time was to enter the Government service, and this he was persuaded to do just six days after graduation. Two years later, however, having saved a small sum of money from his earnings, he resolved to pursue his ambition, and he went to America on his own resources.

The greatest need of his home land just then was the development of the agricultural lands in Hokkaido, and so he studied practical American agriculture by working on the Horton farm in New York. The following year he entered the graduate department of Johns Hopkins University, after which Japan made him a Government student with an allowance of six hundred yen per annum, provided that he should return to Japan as a teacher of agriculture. He accepted the condition happily and went earnestly to work gathering data for his thesis on "The Land Question in the United States."

While Dr. Sato was studying at Johns Hopkins he formed a strong friendship with one of his fellow-students, a young man named Woodrow Wilson, who has always spoken warmly of the friendship, not the less so since he has come to be the First Citizen of our land. When Mr. Wilson finished the work on his own doctor's thesis, he showed his esteem for Shosuke Sato by presenting him with the proof-sheets of that now famous book, "Congressional Government."

It is an evidence of Dr. Sato's scholarship that during his second year at Johns Hopkins that institution appointed him a *Fellow by courtesy*. And it is an evidence of his diligence that during his summer vacation at the close of his second year there he went to Europe for four months of special study in Germany.

Upon his return to Sapporo in 1886, Dr. Sato was immediately appointed as Professor of Agricultural Economy at the Sapporo Agricultural College, and from that time on his rise in the educational world was rapid. In 1887 he became Dean of the College, and the succeeding year, the office of President being vacant, he was appointed temporarily to fill the vacancy. Four years later he became President *de facto*. In 1899 he obtained his doctor's degree in agriculture, and the following year he was raised to the rank of Imperially appointed professor. He became a member of the Imperial Higher Educational Association in 1901, and in 1902 he was decorated by the Emperor for merit as an educator. His decoration has been gradually raised in grade until in 1907 he was given the Third Order of the Sacred Treasure, the highest decoration save one in all Hokkaido, that one being a decoration for military distinction. He belongs to the Higher Fourth Order of the Imperial Household.

It was largely through Dr. Sato's efforts that the Sapporo Agricultural College in 1907 was raised to the rating of an Imperial University by affiliation with the School of Science at Sendai. Of the 127 members of the present faculty of this institution, 69 were formerly students of the school, 36 have been trained abroad, and only 43 have been taken directly from old Japan; so that in a very real sense the College has grown up independently. And Dr. Sato, its leader, may be looked upon as the ripest product of the American experiment station in Japan. This statement should not be construed as meaning that he is anything but a loyal Japanese; it means only that he is representative of a fine element in Japan. The cold climate of the northland and the rugged nature of the frontier have formed the environment in which he has grown; and the task of building a higher civilization is the duty he has borne. His ideals and his methods were learned from

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American teachers, but he has pursued those ideals with the spirit of the Samurai. And the resultant, as touching himself, has been a man full statured and lovable.

There has been much discussion in the United States over the assimilability of the Japanese as a people. Those who favor the negative side of this question will do well to observe such men as Dr. Sato and Dr. Nitobe, for in them we see what the Japanese are capable of becoming.

But there is another basis on which Dr. Sato should have the attention of the American people. Not only is he representative of Japan, but he is destined, in the natural order of events, to become the representative of America in his homeland after finishing his course of lectures. It has been so heretofore: Dr. Mabie, who was our exchange lecturer in Japan last year, is a spokesman in America for the Japanese this year: Hamilton Holt, David Starr Jordan, and Francis Greenwood Peabody, who came as Peace lecturers to Japan, are trusted advocates on her behalf to-day in the United States; and Dr. Nitobe, the first exchange lecturer appointed by Japan, is one of our stanchest friends in this country to-day. Dr. Shosuke Sato, too, by virtue of his present lectureship, will become a member of this international house of representatives. He goes to America charged with the good will of his countrymen; and we Americans in Japan trust that he may return charged with the good will of our people.

He will speak at the Universities of Virginia, North Carolina, Columbia, Brown, Illinois, and Minnesota, and also at his Alma Mater, Johns Hopkins. But the occasion on which we like most of all to imagine him is when, after an absence of twenty-seven years, he will shake hands with his old friend Woodrow Wilson at the White House.

Sapporo, Japan, December 4, 1913.

# NEW THEORIES IN EDUCATION

## BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

CRITICISM of the American public school system has been vigorous and varied and steadily growing in volume within the past few years. On the one hand, it is alleged that the schools do not fulfill as they should the character-building aims of education, and, on the other, that they betray serious shortcomings from the standpoint of mere efficiency, and fail to equip their students for success in the activities of adult life. The charge is even heard that the public schools of to-day make for mediocrity, and that instead of fostering they in reality retard the development of a child's intellect. In the words of a recent critic:

"The public school system attempts the impossible feat of making a course for all children, irrespective of physical strength, mentality, inheritance, or home environment —whether they are to be lawyers or blacksmiths, artists or mathematicians. Plainly, this course cannot suit all children. Is it, then, adapted to the bright child? Dr. Witmer, Professor of Psychology in the University of Pennsylvania, says: 'The public schools are not giving the bright child a square deal. He is marking time, waiting for the lame duck to catch up.' Is the course intended to fit the dull pupil? Evidently not, in view of the tears shed by the many who, despite all their efforts, fail to keep up to grade.

"It has been suggested that the course has been designed for the average pupil. The 'average' pupil does not exist. You cannot strike an average between a goose and an eagle, nor can you add a dull pupil and a bright pupil together and get anything. A course of study based on this idea is not fitted to any one. Instead, then, of a school to fit the pupil, the pupil is made to fit the school. The lock-step masquerades under the name of discipline. The rigid curriculum tends with each passing year to produce more and more the type of factory employees, obliterating individuality and forcing all into the same mold."

Or, to quote the bitter comment of another observer:

"We school and drill our children and youth in schoolma'am mannerism, schoolmaster mind-ankylosis, school-superintendent

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stiff-joint ceremonialism, factory regulations, and office discipline. We give our pupils and students artisan inspiration and business spirituality. Originality is suppressed. Individuality is crushed. Mediocrity is at a premium."

That, in too many cases, the bright pupil is really handicapped by the dullard is a defect which school authorities themselves are willing to admit, and which they have lately begun to remedy to no inconsiderable extent. In some cities special classes have been formed for the instruction of children markedly behind grade; while in others, besides classes for mentally retarded children, there are classes especially designed for children who are exceptionally bright.

Other things being equal, an innovation like this is unquestionably a step in the right direction, as is the increasing tendency to give mid-term promotion to children showing themselves worthy of it. Obviously it is an advantage to expedite a boy's progress through school, provided—and this is the fundamental question at issue—that when he leaves school to play a man's part in the world he starts equipped not simply with a fund of useful information but also with a really well-balanced mind, a mind that can truly think, and with a finely developed character.

Yet, according to the critics, it is in precisely this that the public school is most deficient. "Our common schools," declares President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University, "have failed signally to cultivate general intelligence, as is evinced by the failure to deal adequately with the liquor problem, by the prevalence of gambling, of strikes accompanied with violence, and by the persistency of the spoils system." If, in other words, the schools properly trained their students in the use of their mental faculties, and made them reasoning beings in the true sense of the term, when they grew to manhood and womanhood they would inevitably act in a rational way, avoid excesses of all sorts, and solve life's problems as they ought to be solved.

One may well ask, however, whether it is wholly fair to blame the schools for human irrationalities of thought and conduct. To do so amounts to saying that the school should be a panacea, a cure-all for the ills of society; and it is perhaps because Americans have got into the habit of regarding the public school system in this light that their disappointment over its "breakdown" is now so great.

It would be all very well to hold the school responsible if it were the sole factor in shaping the mind of the child and determining its future development; but manifestly there are other factors of tremendous formative significance. To counteract these, so far as they are inimical to right thinking and right living, is indeed part of the school's duty, and that it does not at present counteract them as it might must be frankly acknowledged. But even here the fault is only partly with the school; for frequently, as we are at last dimly realizing, the material on which the school has to exercise its corrective, developmental influence has been rendered almost hopelessly unworkable before the school begins to handle it.

In a word, the real trouble is that education, in the sense of formal, conscious guidance and instruction, does not begin soon enough. By delaying it, as is commonly done, until the child arrives at school age, there is always the danger, as modern scientific investigation is making increasingly evident, that he will by that time have acquired aims and interests and view-points that may throughout life affect detrimentally his moral as well as his intellectual development. This is owing to the fact that, however earnestly his parents may, in accordance with current educational theory, endeavor to let his mind "lie fallow," he none the less begins a process of mental activity and self-education from the moment he first takes a lively interest in the world around him—that is to say, from about the age of two.

There are certain inborn impulses in every child, and the strongest of these is the impulse of curiosity, the "desire to know." There is no possible object or subject about which the normal, healthy child may not seek knowledge. He pulls his toys to pieces not simply in order to exercise his growing muscular power, but because he wants to know something about their composition. Because of this same impulse of curiosity, he bombards his parents with questions concerning every imaginable topic. If they ignore the questions or answer them evasively, he is by no means satisfied. He wants to know—he wants to know—and he will work out some sort of answer for himself, even at the cost of much mental stress and travail.

Parents, in fact, who ignore or evade their children's questions, in the mistaken belief that to give them the varied information they

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crave will put too great a strain on their minds, are taking a course apt to tax the youthful intellect unduly, and to end by developing either an abnormal shrewdness or an equally deplorable intellectual apathy. The latter is especially likely to result if the parents themselves are people accustomed to being satisfied with partial knowledge, and unaccustomed to clear, logical, systematic thinking.

For, besides being most inquisitive, the young child is always extremely imitative, and the impulse to imitation, like the impulse of curiosity, plays a preponderating part in his self-education. In scientific language, he unconsciously reacts to his surroundings, and tends to become in his mental processes a copy of the persons with whom he is most closely associated. Witte, of Lochau, whose remarkable educational experiment of over a century ago I described some time ago in The Outlook, had a firm grasp of this great truth; and it was because he knew how to utilize it that his experiment was so successful.

"Our children," he used to say, "are what we are. They are good when we are good, and bad when we are bad. I could extend this assertion. With full conviction I could say they become clever, magnanimous, modest, witty, agreeable, amiable, if these are our qualities. They become the opposite if we precede them with the opposite. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, playmates, friends of the house, all have a share in the making."

Modern psychology goes even further than this, insisting that the tendency of the child to be more or less profoundly influenced by his surroundings involves reaction to inanimate as well as animate objects. Every detail in his environment, the psychologist affirms, has an educative significance to the child. The pictures he sees, the toys with which he plays, even the color and design of the paper on the walls of his sleeping-room, or of the rugs on the floor, have a developmental value to him, and a value no less important because he is quite unaware of being affected by them. They radiate, as it were, "suggestions" which the child unconsciously—or, more accurately, subconsciously—accepts, which he never forgets, and which soon or late find expression in his life in terms of action. On this point all psychologists who have made any study of the laws of suggestion and subconscious mentation are in agreement; and it is a point of prime importance in the formulation of any sound educational programme.

In a general way, of course, the formative influence of environmental factors has long been recognized. But it is only of late that scientific research has measured that influence with any exactness, and has made the astonishing discovery that the characteristics and tendencies, the achievements and failures, of adult life may in many cases be definitely traced to early subconscious impressions, to the lasting effect produced upon the mind by some seemingly trivial environmental fact—some favorable or unfavorable feature in the child's surroundings or some incident which, for one reason or another, appealed to him with special suggestive force. Childhood, be it always remembered, is far and away the most suggestible period of life. It is then that the mind is most uncritically receptive, and at the same time most tenacious, of ideas coming to it from whatever source; and it is then that the wise parent, by judicious manipulation of the environment, by example, and by direct instruction, may hope to accomplish much in the way of laying the foundations for future moral and intellectual excellences.

Indeed, from quite another point of view, the extreme suggestibility of childhood affords a strong argument for the beginning of formal education at an early age. Unless steps are taken to counteract it, unless the critical faculty in the child is properly stimulated from the outset, the tendency to uncritical acceptance is likely to become more or less of a habit. That this is a real danger may be strikingly illustrated by citing the results of a few experiments conducted several years ago under the supervision of the famous French psychologist Alfred Binet.

The head master of a school, following Binet's directions, announced to a class of eighty-six boys that he intended to test their memory of the length of lines. A line two inches long, ruled on white cardboard, was shown to each boy, who, after looking at it, had to draw it as accurately as he could on a sheet of paper. The boys were then told that they would be asked to draw another line a little longer than the first, and were accordingly given a second line to copy. In reality it was shorter than the first, being only an inch and three-quarters long. Yet out of the entire class only nine resisted the suggestion and believed their eyes and their memories rather than the master's statement.

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The other seventy-seven boys—some of whom were fourteen years old—made the second line longer than the first.

A variation of the same experiment was made on another class, to whom a series of thirty-six lines was shown, one after the other. Of these lines the first five progressively increased in length, while the remainder were uniformly long. Not one of the forty-two boys who were asked to copy them reached the maximum length at the fifth line, while nine industriously continued making their lines longer up to the last line shown them. The first five lines, that is to say, had acted as a suggestion having sufficient force to induce in them, despite the evidence of their eyes, a belief that the entire series similarly increased in length.

Much the same thing, as every-day observation shows, occurs in the case of full-grown men and women. The judicious have long grieved at the gullibility with which people who are by no means illiterate and uneducated accept and act upon the most preposterous suggestions of the fraudulent advertiser, from the patent-medicine man to the swindling promoter. Political mountebanks and charlatans daily ride into power through nothing else than skillfully working on the suggestibility of the voters. So, too, religious cults, no matter how fantastic, gain a foothold and a following. "I am Elijah," some one announces, and straightway a multitude proclaim him Elijah. "There is no such thing as disease," says another, and thousands take up the cry, accepting the absurd suggestion with as much unthinking readiness as was shown by the French boys who, although they had concrete evidence to the contrary, accepted their master's deceptive statements.

And, as usual, the blame for all this is wrongfully thrown upon the schools, which are held solely responsible for the inaccurate observation, the defective reasoning, exhibited by so many of those who were once their pupils. Whereas, let me repeat, it is in the home, in the unfavorable surroundings of childhood, that the source of the trouble really lies. The fault is with the parent, not the school-teacher, and it is time that parents appreciated this and governed themselves accordingly.

The first seven years of a child's life, beyond the slightest doubt, are the years that count for most in the shaping of its character and career, as also for the shaping of society as a whole. Ignorance of this vital truth, ignorance of the necessity for constant care and watchfulness over one's own words and actions when in the presence of the young, is of itself responsible for much of the misery and unhappiness so evident in the world to-day. As is well said by a psychologist who has made a special study of the inner life of the child:

"In those early impressions, of which no one seems to be conscious, least of all the child, and which gather up power as the rolling avalanche, the elements are collected for future emotions, moods, acts, that make up a greater part of the history of the individual and of states, more effective and significant than those that are written down in *mémoires*, however *intimes*, or that can be discovered in archives, however 'secret.' The strange vagaries of affection and passion which affect the whole existence of men and women—the racial and religious prejudices that shake states and communities to their very foundations, that make and unmake reputations and set the wheel of progress back into the dark ages—can be traced to such small beginnings and into those nooks of man's subconscious memory. In the intimacy of the family, where every conscious effort is supposed to be made to develop the best social tendencies, numberless thoughtless remarks and insinuations directed against a class, a religion, a race, many acts of unrestrained cupidity, are reconstructing insidiously revivals of mediæval persecution."

These words are equally applicable to all the social problems. The hysteria so often evident, for instance, in the attitude of labor towards capital, and of capital towards labor; the blind allegiance of so many to the principles of political parties, even when those parties are manifestly in the wrong; the inability to deal rightly and forcefully with great social evils—one and all of these things will be found, on close analysis, to have their origins in the training, or rather lack of training, of the period of childhood.

Instead, therefore, of paying but transitory attention to children, instead of letting them run wild or intrusting them to ignorant nurses, the parents themselves should undertake their upbringing, above all things conscientiously endeavoring to surround them with just the sort of environmental influences that will impart cultural suggestions of the highest value, and endeavoring, by personal

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tuition, to establish in them habits of concentration, close observation, and logical reasoning.

It is not at all a question of "forcing" the child to think, or of "robbing the child of the joys of childhood." The child will think anyhow—think constantly and intensely, even if left to himself. It is simply a question of utilizing his innate inquisitiveness to turn his thoughts to profitable matters. And, as actual experiment has proved, if the parent will only go about it in the right way, he may be sure that his child will get fully as much "fun" out of the acquisition of knowledge as out of amusements that may help him perhaps to pass the time but also tend to get him into the habit of dissipating rather than conserving his powers.

Home education in early childhood has, indeed, this additional advantage that, when properly carried on, it enables the child in the later period of school life to acquire knowledge far more easily than is ordinarily the case. It does this not only because the early training has drilled the child in the art of study but also because it has had the result of enabling him to draw freely and systematically on his mental resources. Herein, it may be added, we undoubtedly have the true explanation of the amazing precocity displayed by Karl Witte, who, it will be remembered, entered college before he was ten, and in four years' time achieved with ease the distinction of the Ph.D. degree.

Psychologists are more and more inclining to the opinion, first voiced only a short time ago by William James and Boris Sidis, that there is in every human being a store of disposable "reserve energy," commonly utilized only at infrequent intervals, but capable of being utilized habitually to great advantage. Most men, as Professor James put it, live unnecessarily near the surface, energizing far below their maximum. Compared with what they might be and do, they are, in the ordinary circumstances of life, as primitive man to his civilized fellow. A crisis arises, however, some emergency requiring unwonted thought and effort, and they may find themselves accomplishing intellectual feats—whether in the planning of a military campaign, the developing of some important financial project, or whatever it may be—with an ease and power that they had never dreamed possible to them.

It is evident that their reaction to the extra stimulus has resulted in tapping for them a new level of energy. In many cases, moreover, even after the excitement of the extra stimulus has passed, they continue living at the higher level. Without being in the slightest degree conscious of it, they have adjusted themselves to the leading of a fuller, a more intense, a more effective life than they led in the days when, like the savage, they lived with "three-quarters of their brain unused." Thus they become "leaders among the people"—leaders in science, art, literature, philosophy, statecraft, industry. The masses look up to them admiringly and wonderingly, especially when they are "self-made." They marvel at their achievements, and speak of them always as "exceptional men." But, after all, they are exceptional only in so far as they have been impelled to draw more freely than the multitude on the "hidden powers" possessed in common by all mankind.

It goes without saying that any process that would result in the development of an ever larger number of highly energized men and women would mark an onward step in human evolution and add immeasurably to the world's wealth. Such a process, judging from the results obtained in educational experiments like that made by Karl Witte's father, is ready to our hands. And it is a process that may be applied by any conscientious parent, no matter what the extent of his own education, his own "energizing rate." For the methods whereby permanent habits of full and rich thinking and living may be established in any normal child are exceedingly simple, as was shown in the articles describing Witte's education, and they demand from the parent only the sacrifice of some part of the time that, too often, he now wastes in useless pleasures.

Besides which, as he will speedily discover, the training of his child will be of educative value to himself. Every effort he makes to instill in the child the principles of sound reasoning, every helpful modification he makes in the child's environment, every measure by which he seeks to render the child immune to baneful "suggestions," will react upon him, enlarging his own understanding, stimulating him to saner, more efficient thinking, and rendering him more of a man in every way.

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# THE SPECTATOR

FROM his boyhood days the Spectator had been encouraged to believe that Vermont was a good State to emigrate from. He was always hearing of Vermonters who had taken Horace Greeley's advice at an early stage in their careers, and, as nobody ever heard much about those who remained behind, the inference was plain that the more progressive element in the State's population saw ways of bettering its condition by deserting the ancestral acres for some more favored portion of the earth's surface. Moreover, it is only a few years since Vermont figured conspicuously in the newspaper stories of abandoned farms waiting to be reclaimed by the worn-out city toiler. Those tales led many a man to indulge bold visions of landed independence, although they suggested anything but an optimistic picture of the Green Mountain State's farming possibilities. So it was with no very exalted opinion of Vermont's material assets that the Spectator some time ago set forth to explore a few square miles to the east and north of Mount Mansfield, in one of the northern-central counties of the State.

Now the Spectator had never been taught to associate mountainous areas with profitable tillage. Lumbering operations are common enough on the mountain slopes of our South and West, but as to farming—well, the Western farmer still firmly believes that every corn-field "down East" has to be planted with shot-guns. He isn't worried by the rivalry of a State as full of mountains as little Vermont. As a matter of fact, the Spectator was informed that in the forty-year period 1870–1909 Vermont led all the States of the Union in the number of bushels of corn produced per acre; and the astonishing thing about it was that a very large proportion of the acreage in corn was, and is, in mountain farms. It seemed to the Spectator sometimes that the farther he went up the slopes, the more fertile was the soil. Drought is the ever-present enemy of the farmer, but if moisture could be assured the Green Mountains would be New England's garden. The Spectator saw many a well-cultivated acre in the uplands where the corn stood eight feet high in August. Needless to say, these farms are not "abandoned" yet, but they can be purchased for less than one-fourth the price of ordinary farm lands in the Middle West. Fruit trees do well on the mountain-side, too, and at an elevation of 1,200 feet an apple orchard is practically immune from the late spring frosts that destroy the budding fruit in the valleys.

It had been a long time since the Spectator had covered his twenty-five miles in a day's tramp over country roads, but the mountain air and scenery renewed his youth and quickened his zest as a pedestrian. Not since the bicycle era of the nineties, when the Spectator, along with thousands of other ambitious pedalers, had tried to "do" the Eastern States awheel, had his legs been put to so severe a test; but the good night's rest that followed each twenty-five-mile day more than made up for the aches of travel. Not all the Green Mountain roads are infested with motor cars (the Spectator's natural enemies for the time being), and highways so bad that they had ceased to tempt the auto-drivers were hailed with joy, for many of them led to scenic delights of which the automobilist, confined to the turnpike, could know nothing. On these byways it is not unusual to have deer cross your path (as the Spectator can testify), with occasionally a fox.

This part of Vermont—in fact, the whole State—is a natural dairy country, and from these mountain slopes and valleys may some day come a large contribution to the milk supply of Boston and New York, although as yet the herds are small and the daily shipments of milk on the railway average not more than three car-loads. The silo is much in evidence, and almost every large farm has its field of Hungarian millet.

The people one meets on the highways are almost without exception unmistakably native-born. The men digging sewer trenches in the villages all speak with the Yankee accent and exercise the sovereign American's right to talk politics and crack jokes while at work. Excepting a few French-Canadians, there are no foreign-born toilers in northern Vermont. The Spectator would not be clannish, but he confesses that he got not a little quiet enjoyment out of the fact that everybody at work was of his own kind—ready to answer his questions in the vernacular, with now and then a flash of the characteristic Yankee humor thrown in for good measure.



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The homely virtues of thrift and sobriety are not yet obsolete in Vermont, and the Spectator is inclined to attribute to the absence of the open saloon some meed of credit for this fact; but at the same time it is good logic perhaps to maintain that if those ancient virtues had not been dominant in the community the saloon would never have been abolished.

# THE NEW BOOKS

## DOES MAN DIE?

In his interesting monograph on immortality[1] Mr. Fosdick approaches an old subject from a new point of view. He says, in effect, to the skeptic, You ask us for evidence of immortality; we reply by asking you for evidence of mortality. He gives with great forcefulness the reasons which lead the disbeliever in continuing life to believe in death, and with great fairness weighs those reasons.

Appearances seem to support belief in death. "Our eyes bear witness to the dead and crumbling body; our ears bear witness to the fact that the voice is still; our hands bear witness that no longer can response be won, even by a hand-clasp, to our most urgent and affectionate appeals."

But appearances are manifestly inconclusive: "The sun looks as though it were moving, but it is not; the earth looks as though it were flat, when it is round. . . . At noon the stars seem to be gone, but they are there. Put a straight stick in a calm pool and it appears to be crooked, while it is still straight. . . . Said Melanchthon in condemnation of Copernicus, 'The eyes are witnesses that the heavens revolve in the space of twenty-four hours. But certain men, either from love of novelty or to make a display of ingenuity, have concluded that the earth moves.'" The appearance of death is inconclusive.

Man's belief in the future world can be traced back to primitive superstitions—as to dreams at night, imagined visitations by ghosts, and the like.

But we are not to measure the soundness of a faith by the lowliness of its primitive forms, as we are not to measure the finished product in nature by its early beginnings. "All our faculties and endowments have lowly origins. . . . Can a man explain an oak by tracing it back into the acorn? Does he not rather have the task of explaining how an acorn came to be an undeveloped oak? . . . When cathedrals are outlawed because our aboriginal ancestors built only straw huts; when Bach and Mozart are laughed at because early music was coaxed from conch-shells or beaten sticks; when poetry and love, science and education, are railed at because of their crude origins—then man's faith in immortality may tremble before the undeveloped ways in which the earliest men we know conceived it. We must not compel larks to live under water because their forefathers were fishes."

Man himself is of primitive origin. "Man is the lineal descendant of the beasts. . . . His capacity for thought, however far-ranging and exalted, has grown like a blossom out of that wonderfully organized stalk, his brain. . . . 'When did the race become immortal?' asks the materialist in derision, as he points out the imperceptible gradations by which animal existence has passed into human life."

He might as well deny the existence of the organic because he cannot define the point at which the inorganic becomes organic. He might as well deny animal life because he cannot define the threshold over which the inanimate passes when it becomes animate. When does the seemingly dead seed become a living plant? The whole process of life is the translation of the inorganic into the organic, the organic into the animal, the animal into the spiritual. Thus the process of evolution is itself a strong argument for immortality. "The manifest trend of the whole creative process is toward the building of personality. . . . God in evolution, no less than in Genesis, appears to be taking the dust of the earth and breathing into it the breath of life until man becomes a living soul. . . . If a man believes that the universe means anything, he must, in the light of manifest facts, believe that it has been aiming at personality." Says Professor Fiske, one of America's leading evolutionists: "The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless

[1] The Assurance of Immortality. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

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assumption that is known to the history of philosophy."

"We know that we are dependent on our brains. Every fever that congests our nervous system; every paralytic stroke that, attacking the right hemisphere of the brain, cripples the left side of the body; every illness that reduces our power of thought by disabling the machinery with which our thinking must be done, says in popular speech what the psychologists assert in scientific terms, that we are dependent on our brains."

But the question still remains, Does the brain make the person or does the person use the brain? "A man cannot see without eyes, but the eyes are not the man; he cannot see without the optic nerve, but the nerve is not the man; he cannot see without the visual lobe of the brain, but the lobe is not the man. . . . If a man is riding in his limousine, he is dependent on the windows for his impression of the outside world. . . . Yet the man is not thereby proved to be the glass. nor is it clear that he may not some day leave his limousine and see all the better because the old mediums are now discarded.

"A disembodied self is an unpicturable thing. What I would do without my instruments of perception and my nervous organism is beyond my power to apprehend, and what is unimaginable can only with difficulty be believed."

But how about the alternative? If it is difficult to conceive of the spirit without the physical organ, it is yet more difficult to conceive of the physical organ producing those results which are produced by the spirit. How can we conceive physical cells as conspiring to write "Hamlet," or to compose the sonatas of Beethoven? "It is sufficiently strange that man should build a violin and play upon it, but that a violin should fortuitously build itself, organize its atoms, shape its body, and make taut its strings, and then, with no one to play upon it, should play upon itself Joachim's 'Hungarian Concerto' —how shall a man make that seem reasonable? Just such an unimaginable thing must one believe who asserts that brain creates the mind. This affirmation of materialism is the one unbelievable mystery." And if man is more than the body which he inhabits, more than the instrument which he uses, more than the eye through which he sees, the ear through which he hears, and the brain through which he thinks, then the destruction of the eye, the ear, and of the brain furnishes no indication of the death of the man. We want some other evidence that that tenant is reduced to ashes than the mere evidence that his house is reduced to ashes.

We do not here attempt to follow Mr. Fosdick in the third chapter, in which he presents the moral argument for immortality. He is here on more familiar ground. "I don't know," said the boy, answering the question of a traveler, "where Kandersteg is, but there is the road to it."

Life is a road which unmistakably leads at least toward, if not to, immortality. Creation and evolution, biology and history, the scientist's assumption that there is a rational order in the world, the moralist's assumption that there is a moral order in the world, are all so many guide-posts pointing to a life after death. If not: "One generation of incomplete, aspiring persons is wiped off the earth, as a child erases unfinished problems from his slate, that another generation of incomplete, aspiring persons may be created—created and then annihilated. Nothing ever is finished anywhere. God, like a half-witted artist, amusing himself with tasks that have no meaning, paints pictures in which he barely outlines forms of beauty, full of promise, only to erase them and begin again."

Mr. Fosdick's book will not convince the determined skeptic. Moral truths are incapable of either scientific or mathematical demonstration. Nor will it inspire with hope those whose imagination is not able to rise above the notion that immortality means an eternal continuance of the life they are now living and the employments they are now engaged in upon earth. But it will give courage of hope to those who look beyond the present with the faith that life has in store for us something better than eye has seen or ear heard or than has even entered into the heart of man to conceive.

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**Robert Fulton, Engineer and Artist: His Life and Works.** By H. W. Dickinson. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

Mr. Dickinson's volume is full of interest. One is first attracted by the account of Fulton's early years as an artist. Fulton was fairly launched on an artistic career when suddenly he threw it up in favor of engineering. There is a closer association existing between these two professions than we sometimes realize. Leonardo is probably the best-known instance in which the two faculties have been united in one person. Fulton's reasons for abandoning art as a profession may have been, thinks Mr. Dickin-

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son, an admission that the necessary talent was lacking, or, more probably, a dissatisfaction with the pecuniary results so far achieved, which, for a man who had turned thirty, were somewhat meager. A second interesting feature of the biography lies in the description of Fulton's work in France, especially the matter concerning submarines. But Fulton's experiments in this direction, brilliant as they were, only showed that until a motor could be developed capable of working under proper restrictions, further progress was impracticable. Fulton's life-work was the solution of the problem of navigation by steam. In America our extensive waterways, with our lack of highways, suggested that transport might be easier by water than by land if it could be made as certain; furthermore, there was an impetus towards water transportation due to the removal of trade restrictions by the Revolutionary War. At that time the art of constructing steam engines was unknown in America. Mr. Dickinson notes Rumsey's experience in hydraulic propulsion and his success in propelling a boat on the Potomac; also Fitch's successful experience on the Delaware. Fulton might not have done anything in steam navigation had it not been for the arrival in France of Livingston as American Ambassador. The first thing Livingston heard of when he reached Paris was that Spain had ceded Louisiana to France. The change of proprietorship brought up the question of defense and of communication, and this led to Livingston's practical interest in the experiments then under way. Then followed the agreement between Livingston and Fulton as to the building of a boat to run between New York and Albany. This was the beginning of the end. Fulton's subsequent history is described in not too much detail for the ordinary reader, and for the technician there are a number of appendices at the end of the volume. Fulton died in 1815. Though the recent centenary celebrations have done something to make amends, he has hardly received sufficient honor even in his own country. Take, for instance, Fulton's latest achievement, the Demologos—it is so much a thing of the past as to be practically forgotten:

> The design of the vessel was a total departure from previous practice in war-ship construction. . . . The first necessity was to protect the propelling arrangements. This he [Fulton] did by having twin hulls as in his ferry-boats, with the paddle-wheel in the space between the hulls and protected by an upper deck with bulwarks and stanchions. This deck also sheltered the engine, which was in one hull, and the boiler, which was in the other. These hulls had flat bottoms, bluff ends, and long parallel middle bodies, and were double-ended. . . . Incidentally the double hulls gave a steady gun platform for her armament. . . . Little more than four months were occupied in building the vessel. . . . She celebrated the Fourth of July by making a passage to the eastward of Sandy Hook and back, a total of 53 miles in 8 1-3 hours, *i. e.*, at the rate of 6.4 miles per hour. . . .
>
> Owing to the termination of the war between Great Britain and the United States . . . (1814) the Fulton—for so she had been renamed in memory of her constru was never finally completed for service. . . .
>
> It would be extremely interesting to know how Demologos would have fared in action. That she w have precipitated the fundamental changes in the sc of naval warfare which have been realized in our ti fairly certain.

**Clio, a Muse; and Other Essays, Literary a Pedestrian.** By George Macaulay Trevelyan. L mans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.

Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of John Bright," latest of his biographies, has already fou place among what are called standard bio phies, not only because of its general thoro ness, but because it is admirable literature is a pleasure to read a style so characteris individual, and yet so sound according t canons of good writing as Mr. Trevely The use of good English seems to be a po sion of the Trevelyan family, and the read not surprised to find that the most impor essay in this volume is a dissertation on tory. "Life is short," writes Mr. Trevely "art is long, but history is longest, for it is added to scholarship." The gist of the essa in that phrase, for what Mr. Trevelyan attem to do and succeeds in doing is to bring clearly the fact that history is not history u it becomes literature. Before that time i simply a mass of material. "It has three f tions: the scientific, which sifts and accu lates fact; the imaginative, which reconstr and generalizes; and the literary, which p the results into a worthy narrative." It hardly a defense which Mr. Trevelyan make for it is much more positive. It carries a gressive war into the camp of the dry-as-dus specialists—the gentlemen who have been try ing to persuade us for a long time past that history is sound only when it is colorless, and that if a history is really interesting—that is to say, if it has literary quality—it is necessarily untrustworthy. And so much history has been accurate without being anything else that the public has come to regard it, not as a study of great human motives and great dramatic periods, but as a kind of specialist's knowledge, important only for the expert. Consequently the public has taken to the history of criminal queens, *risqué* memoirs of vanished courts, and unimportant talk about important people. There is in this volume a delightful study of "Poetry and Rebellion," in which Mr. Trevelyan considers the historical causes of the poetic revolt at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in which he says, among other good things, "Byron was not revolutionary enough." He differs from Mr. Brandes, who holds that liberty is the end of poetry, and he very admirably says: "The condition of poetry is freedom, but the content of poetry is joy, sorrow, beauty, love, man's awe at the strength and his hope in the beneficence of those unknown powers upon whose lap all living things are cradled." Lovers

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eredith will find pleasure in Mr. Trevelyan's ase of the poetic element in that brilliant elist. There are other chapters which take reader out of doors, chapters full of vigor, etrated by fresh air, and celebrating in unasured terms the ancient habit of walking.

**e of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton.** By his Grandson, the Earl of Lytton. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.

Earl of Lytton has published in two mes a life of his grandfather, Edward Bul-, the first Baron Lytton. This is an inherobligation long overdue. Bulwer died years ago, leaving his papers to his son, rst Earl of Lytton, better known by his pen e "Owen Meredith," with instructions that im, and by no one else, his biography was to ritten. As soon as his public work allowed son endeavored to carry out the instructions, had published the first installment of his k, but died before it was completed. It is w completed by the present Earl. Fortuely for admirers of Bulwer, he was a voluminus letter writer. Almost every feature in his aracter, almost every incident in his life, may traced in his correspondence. Thus the ographer's task must have been comparatively y. While we find in this work no analytical critical estimate of Bulwer as a novelist, ny letters are published which throw light on circumstances under which the various oks were written, or which contain opinions ncerning them. Of course Bulwer's novels ave been too long before the public to require ny criticism at the present day. But for the purposes of the present work they have a value quite apart from their value as novels. From them one may create a picture of the author himself. As a whole, Lord Lytton's portrait of his grandfather is well outlined. Bulwer's life extended from the opening of the nineteenth century until 1873. Incidentally, of course, one gets a view of English history during three-quarters of that interesting century. The view is perhaps as interesting as if Bulwer had been supreme either in politics or in literature. In one respect he seemed unique—what other man of his generation reached so high a level of attainment in so many activities?

**From the Porch.** By Lady Anne Ritchie. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Lady Ritchie is always delightful, and never more so than in this volume of short, informal chapters about places and people. The discourse on "Modern Sibyls" happily combines characterization with good talk; a talk so personal that it might be called gossip, if it were not in the right vein. It brings Jane Austen, the Brontës, George Eliot, and Mrs. Oliphant very near the reader, and it does this in a friendly and unconventional way. It is the talk of a cultivated and good-hearted woman who happens herself to be not only a good writer but the daughter of a great writer, and whose associations with her father brought her into close relationship with many living and dead people. For Thackeray had a kind of affectionate, paternal regard for the eighteenth-century ladies; and it is a long time since Anna Seward, "the Swan of Lichfield," had had so much attention paid her as in a very pleasant chapter in this delightful book. "The Art of being a Grandfather" is a happy example of the kind of writing which it is a pleasure to read aloud of an evening before an open fire.

**Woman Rice Planter (A).** By Patience Pennington. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Few records of high courage and nobility of character can be found to equal the story of "A Woman Rice Planter." The courage of a man in battle inflamed by excitement, perhaps by patriotism, is a poor thing beside the courage of this quiet, lonely lady who devoted herself to the often discouraging task of carrying on a rice plantation in South Carolina. Living two miles distant from any white neighbor, surrounded by Negroes incredibly ignorant and unreliable, often in bodily peril from the risks she ran from floods or the half-broken horses which she drove herself, she refreshed her weary soul with music, and held up, unconsciously, before her servants and neighbors the high example of a noble lady. The simple record of her daily life is moving beyond belief. Such poise in danger, such moral power over evil and mischievous people, such beauty of truly pious faith in God, are rare. In this restless day, in our impatient expectation of immediate material success, it is good for the soul to breathe the atmosphere surrounding this woman—a lady by birth, training, and practice.

**Hepburn of Japan and his Wife and Helpmates.** By William Elliot Griffis, D.D. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. $1.50.

When Hepburn died in 1911, nineteen years after his return to us, the Court and nation of Japan grieved at the loss of their best foreign friend. He had opened the Japanese heart by his service of thirty-three years as teacher, healer, lexicographer, translator, saint, and father. The Japanese people with affectionate admiration gave him the name Kun-shi, "the righteous gentleman." Leaving a lucrative medical practice here, he began his service there in 1859 at the risk of assassination. In 1905 the Emperor's Ambassador brought to his retired home in New Jersey "the Third Order of Merit of the Rising Sun, for services to spiritual and educational causes in Japan." A few years later he passed away at the age of ninety-seven, mourned there as here. His biographer was with him in Japan forty years ago, himself one of the American molders of Japanese institutions. Dr. Hepburn's illustrious fellow-workers, especially his noble wife, the pioneer of woman's education in Japan, have their due place in Dr.

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Griffis's graphic record of what the American missionary has contributed to the making of a great nation and founding a lasting friendship between its island Empire and our Republic.

**Classbook of Old Testament History.** By George Hodges. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

This is one of the best among books of its class. It makes good use of the latest fruits of modern study. Ancient history is recast in modern form with illuminating effect. Real history is treated as such, while legendary parts of the narrative are treated accordingly. Explanatory readings between the lines come in as needed. An excellent feature is the close relating of the utterances of the prophets to the history of their times. Well planned for use in Bible classes, it is valuable to the general reader for its lucid conspectus of Hebrew history and literature.

**Renaissance (The).** By Arthur, Count Gobineau. English Edition, edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.75.

The exchange of letters between Alexis de Tocqueville and Arthur de Gobineau forms an interesting review of thought in the middle of the nineteenth century. Only now does an English translation of Count de Gobineau's "Renaissance" appear. The book is interesting enough to make its readers feel a sense of surprise that it should have waited so long for translation. Those who have not already read the volume in the original should peruse it, if for nothing more than to get the author's ideas concerning Savonarola. The book covers the time from Savonarola's period at the end of the fifteenth century to the death of Michael Angelo in 1564. The essence of the age of the Renaissance is revealed in five historical scenes, wherein some of the notable men of the age give to us their ideas in the form of dialogues. The text is both vivacious and vivid.

**Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln (The).** By Francis Fisher Browne. Browne & Howell Company, Chicago. $2.50.

The revision for this edition of Mr. Browne's capital book about Lincoln was the author's last literary work. Not even his editorship of the "Dial" was more worthy of Mr. Browne's ability and sound taste than this volume. It is now compressed and unified in form. It is not merely an immensely entertaining collection of Lincoln anecdotes, but a well-considered story of his life. It would be hard to name anything in the Lincoln literature which gives in popular form so sound and personal a picture of Lincoln the man.

**Curious Lore of Precious Stones (The).** By George Frederick Kunz. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

This is a beautiful and fascinating book. The author is a high authority on his subject, has acquired a remarkable library of books dealing with it, and, moreover, knows how to impart his knowledge in a way to attract the general reader. How did the strange beliefs about gems arise? What are the notions and superstitions men have held, and still hold to some extent, about talismans, crystal reading, the religious uses of jewels, their influence on human fate, their astrological associations, their power to cure? Such are a few of many questions raised and answered by Mr. Kunz out of his extraordinary knowledge. The illustration is rich in color and form.

**Cities of Romagna and the Marches (The).** By Edward Hutton. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Edward Hutton continues to publish books about Italy. He can hardly publish too many. No one now writing seems to have taken to himself more of the real Italian atmosphere than has Mr. Hutton. If he were an Italian, his sympathy with the people, the history, the manners and customs, and the art could hardly be more genuine or more exquisitely expressed. In the present volume he has a capital opportunity—and he makes the most of it—to exhibit these qualities in writing about such places as Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, Rimini, and Urbino.

**Valley of Shadows (The).** By Francis Grierson. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

A reprint of a curiously naïve narrative of the boyhood of the author, who lived in Illinois in Lincoln's time, is issued with colored plates. Francis Grierson was an observant child, and in his age recalls in rambling fashion his youthful impressions of pioneer life. At the beginning of the Civil War he was page to General Fremont in St. Louis. The story is overweighted by unnecessary ill spelling of the dialect used among the backwoods philosophers, and yet it often gleams with picturesque touches that bring out character and scene.

**Athens and Its Monuments.** By Charles Heald Weller. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

"What! another book on Athens?" one remarks as he takes up Mr. Weller's just-published volume—a heavy volume to the hand indeed. But the book is weighty in a double sense. It is the result of ripe observation of many years of study and of different periods of residence at Athens. Moreover, it presents the results of the most recent investigations. Hence "another book" on Athens represents no superfluity, but a necessity. Students of art, archæology, and history should welcome this work. But others than students will welcome it—the tourists and those who may want to know about the Acropolis or the Agora or the Areopagus.

**French Canada and the St. Lawrence.** By J. C. Hopkins. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $3.

A popular account of Canada in its present picturesqueness and its historical aspects, written by a Canadian who has already put forth many books on Canadian history and biography. The volume is illustrated with many photogravures.

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# MANY INVENTIONS

### INSECT MOVIES

One of the most interesting of the great number of immensely interesting things at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City has been the exhibition by Mr. R. L. Ditmars, of the Bronx Zoölogical Garden, of moving-picture films showing the growth and development of insect and animal life. Here are some of the curious things that came on the screen as described in the New York "Times:"

A salamander was coiled around her eggs, and down reached a hand, finger lengths of about four feet or more on the screen, and pulled the salamander away. Then the eggs, which one got the impression were about the size of watermelons, were shifted in the pictures suddenly to the palm of the hand. Placed back under water, the eggs were so transparent that one could see the bodies even before the youngsters came out. Hind legs appeared, followed by fore legs, and this screen ended with the perfect salamander, child's size, standing upon what seemed in the enlarged picture to be Pike's Peak, but which probably was a pebble.

There were pictures of moles (the size on the screen of grizzlies) walking across the ground and beginning to bore into the sod. They disappeared, whereupon big human fingers reached down from the upper edge of the screen, pulled the mole out gently, and then made precise cross-sections so that everybody might see just what kind of subway tube moles build.

Baby blacksnakes came out of their eggs on the screen. A lovely old matron rattlesnake of the diamond-back variety mothered her young on a large scale. A kingsnake made a dart at a live rat, killed said rat, and swallowed it. A king cobra walked right up to you, spreading its hood as it came.

There was a long film that had to do with insects—crickets pictured the size of a man's arm, and much more active; locusts that came over what you first thought to be a particularly big lump of the Rockies, but which turned out to be a mere leaf, and katydids that "sang" in motion.

There were spiders finally, and other insects who reared armored heads so large that they might be Crusaders in close-fitting armor. The spiders wove their "nurseries," stood guard beside them for weeks "without food," as Mr. Ditmars explained, spun their webs, and carried their young on their backs, about 300 to a back, until the tiny things left mother and scrambled across the screen nervously to begin life on their own hook.

### THE EYE OF PIKE'S PEAK

Mr. T. W. Ross, in the "Technical World Magazine," thus describes the giant light recently placed on Pike's Peak:

The venerable head of that most famous of mountains, Pike's Peak, has been given an enormous eye. In Denver, seventy-five miles away, this eye can be seen flashing to and fro on clear nights, and in Colorado Springs, fifteen miles away, the "company" on the front porch is likely to be shown up in a bright light at any moment by the cog railway's new searchlight.

The giant light is fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy-two feet above sea-level, and is capable of flashing signals over most of central Colorado. It has been placed on a platform twenty-five feet above the summit house. Current is supplied by the turbines which convert the power of the Peak streams into electricity. The cost of producing an intensity of one million candle-power, even when this cheap water-power is used, is twenty-five dollars an hour.

The giant light was made to order as an additional attraction to the little cog road which climbs the forty-seven per cent grade to the top of the Peak. Officials of the road tried to secure what they wanted from electrical houses in the East, but were unable to find it. The heat from the giant arcs was too intense for the use of common mirrors, and special ones of metal had to be prepared. The series of reflectors, mirrors, and lenses were then rigged up on the mountain top.

The searchlight is attached to a semaphore, which the operator moves at will, searching out the dark beauty spots throughout the region, or touching upon sections of Colorado Springs and even Denver and Pueblo, when the great banks of cloud do not blanket the cities far below.

### OIL POWER FOR RAILWAY CLIMBING

The use of oil fuel in the United States is rapidly increasing. The transcontinental railways, says "Power," are now using oil fuel on many miles of line. It adds: "Some of the railroads in the northwestern part of the United States and in southern Canada held to coal for a considerable period after the permanency of the fuel oil supply was assured. The last tie to coal became broken with the realization that the failure of their immense locomotives to move the weight that had been confidently expected of them was not the fault of the machines. The weight of trains over the mountain divisions was invariably limited to the endurance of the fireman. Shoveling coal on the large engines over these divisions is a task that few can stand up to. With the use of oil as fuel this feature was entirely removed."

### NAPOLEON AND SCIENCE

A tribute to Napoleon the Great as an encourager of scientific study and experiment appears in the "Scientific American," which says:

We think of Napoleon as the great Lord of War, the butcher of human lives, the builder of a great empire, built only to fall even before the death of its founder.

It is well to remember that his genius was great in also other, more lastingly fruitful fields. He was not only a great warrior, but also a



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great statesman—and as such he did not fail to realize the importance to the community of arts and sciences.

Writing to the astronomer Oriani, from Milan, which he had entered in triumph, Napoleon said:

"The sciences which do honor to the human mind, and the arts which embellish life and perpetuate great achievements for posterity, should be especially honored under free governments.

". . . I invite the scholars to meet and to give me their opinions as to the means that should be taken, and the needs to be fulfilled, in order to bring new life and activity into the sciences and the fine arts. Those who wish to go to France will be received with distinction by the Government. The French people set a higher value on the acquistion of a skilled mathematician, a celebrated painter, or a distinguished man of any profession than upon the possession of the largest and richest city."

### WHAT THE FOREST SERVICE IS DOING

The Forest Service collected 40,000 pounds of tree seed last year for use in reforestation work. The total area reforested was about 30,000 acres.

German pencil manufacturers are looking to California incense cedar for pencil wood. The establishment of a pencil factory in California is not improbable.

More than one hundred and twenty million board feet of timber was given away free by the Government last year to settlers and miners living in or near the National forests.

In twenty-six States there are State foresters who co-operate with private timberland owners in solving forest problems.

The Bureau of Entomology and the Forest Service, working together for the control of forest insects, last year covered more than 160,000 acres in their operations.

A National arboretum is being established in Rock Creek National Park, District of Columbia. Eventually it will contain all American tree species which will thrive there.

The total amount of land purchased in the Eastern States for Federal forests is nearly 800,000 acres. So far the principal work on these areas has involved their protection against forest fires.

### AN ICE MINE

A branch of the mineral industry that is seldom considered is the ice business. What has the ice business got to do with the mineral industry? some of our readers will ask. Well, ice is a mineral, is it not? See Dana. And was it not the late James D. Hague who remarked that the finest mine he knew of was the Hudson River, which had a vein of mineral one foot thick, one hundred miles long, and half a mile to a mile deep, laid out flat, and yielding a concentrated product worth $3 or $4 per ton, with the further advantage that this sheet of mineral renews itself every year? Our remarks are prompted by reading somewhere that the manufacture of artificial ice in the United States now amounts to upward of 12,000,000 tons per annum.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

### ARTIFICIAL COLORS IN LIGHTING

Under ordinary circumstances, says the "Engineering Record," the color of lights used for industrial purposes is not a matter of very great consequence, but now and then the character of the work is such that some attention must be given to the question of color. A well-known German engineer, the "Record" adds, has recently been making a very exhaustive study of the colors of the common sources of light, which brings out the fact that of the illuminants in present use none comes very near to daylight as that term is ordinarily understood. Here is the result:

The only light which, unscreened, comes tolerably near the ordinary daylight is unfortunately extremely inefficient as a source of light, and various attempts have been made to use screens to correct it to daylight color. A sunlight effect is easier to get, and a pretty close approximation is furnished by the magnetite arc lamp, which has too much red by less than two per cent and not enough blue by about six per cent. All the incandescent lamps—gas and electric—are a long way from white, having in general two or three times too much red and scarcely half enough blue for a proper balance. The arc lamps likewise are rather far from being white, let alone a match for daylight, although very much nearer than any of the incandescents. The new nitrogen lamps occupy an intermediate position distinctly less near to white than the arcs, and very much whiter than any previous incandescents. Finally, as freaks in the list, come the vapor lamps of various kinds.

It must not be supposed that nearness to white, however, gives a just value of a lamp for illuminating purposes. Altogether the progress of artificial lighting shows better and more useful color values year by year.

### DESPATCHING TRAINS BY WIRELESS

Wireless telegraphy for control of trains moving en route has been experimented with by the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad for several months. Finally the Lackawanna Limited, a train running between Hoboken, New Jersey, and Buffalo, New York, was equipped. Communications were exchanged between the moving train and fixed stations at Binghamton, New York, and Scranton, Pennsylvania. Later on more practical use was made of the trial service by arranging for a relief conductor and extra coaches. The trials are to be continued every other day for the present.

An operator's room has been built in the second car from the front of this train. The aerial wires are stretched flat between the ends of each of the first four cars and about two feet above the roof.—*Engineering News.*

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# BY THE WAY

King George of England owns one of the most valuable stamp collections in the possession of any individual in the world. Part of the collection of the late Earl of Crawford, "second only to that of the King, who has been collecting since his boyhood," was recently sold in London for $80,000. The King's collection, however, will probably never come under the hammer, as it will doubtless eventually go to some museum.

White seamen on a trans-Pacific steamship, the Empress of India, have recently been replaced by Chinese, according to "Shipping Illustrated." "Officials of the company," says the journal quoted, "explain that they were compelled to make the change because of the unreliability of white labor. On a recent voyage thirty-four seamen were signed on. Out of these only four turned up fit for duty. The others were either intoxicated or getting over the effects of similar over-indulgence."

"The superintendent of a telephone company told the writer once," remarks the editor of the "Progressive Farmer," "that if he could do away with people asking 'What time is it?' he could give everybody better service," because answering that question consumes a lot of time. But then, on the other hand, doesn't the prompt and authoritative reply of the courteous operator tend to establish pleasant relations between the often exasperated subscriber and the long-suffering young woman at the other end of the wire?

Experiments by the Bureau of Standards seem to show that the proximity of icebergs to vessels at sea cannot readily be determined by the thermometer: "It would require the melting of about a million tons of ice," says the Bureau's report, "to cool one square mile of ocean to a depth of 25 feet by 1 deg. Cent. . . . The records of sea-water temperature show that its variations in parts of the ocean far removed from icebergs are often as great and sudden as in the neighborhood of icebergs."

Winter weather has no terrors for amateur fishermen, and as for early rising—"The steamboat Taurus, which left for her usual daily trip to the fishing banks at seven o'clock yesterday morning," says a New York City daily paper of recent date, "had 190 fishermen aboard." The steamboat had trouble with its engines, and didn't get back till 3 A.M. the next morning; but no doubt the anglers were philosophical, and joked about "fisherman's luck." There's nothing like a hobby for making hardships seem amusing.

The largest fine ever imposed for violating the game laws was recently collected by the State of New York from an offending corporation. The company had sold wild ducks on the representation that they had been raised on a duck farm for market purposes. The penalty was a fine of $20,000.

Among common illusions described in a recently published book, "Psychology in Daily Life," by Professor C. E. Seashore, are several as to the weight of familiar objects. Here is one: "Inflate a large empty paper bag and tie it up air tight. Place the bag on the palm of one hand, and into the palm of the other hand take such a quantity of coin or other metal as will seem to equal the bag in weight. If the observer does not know of the illusion or suspect it, the paper bag will be found to weigh from ten to twenty times as much as the metal with which it was matched."

Canon Hannay, Irish clergyman and playwright, after a recent visit to the United States asserts that Americans are not rushers and hustlers, as is commonly supposed. The American, he says, has conquered the clock. "Americans are habitually and cheerfully late for everything, and are never fussed by this." Is it possible that the genial Canon had in mind the privileged sex, and that the reporters unconsciously extended his compliment to include that model of punctuality, the American business man?

The oldest living school-teacher in New York State is said to be Mr. Nathan Perry Beers. He is now ninety-one; he retired from his profession ten years ago, after having taught for sixty-five years. When he began teaching, he was perhaps the youngest teacher in the State, for he received his first appointment as teacher at the age of fourteen.

"The story is told," says the "Christian Register," apropos of the present-day tendency of the universities to teach everything that anybody wants to know, "of a young man's going to the president of a recently established college with the request that he should be taught Choctaw. The president said, 'We have no department for the teaching of Choctaw this morning; but, if you will be good enough to call again this afternoon, we will organize one for you.'"

"Life" suggests that a national theater ought to be endowed by some philanthropic millionaire so that a pattern of good manners might be set to "the most ill-mannered nation on earth." What does "Life" think of this modification of its suggestion: Have an "instructor in manners" in each public school. A half-hour's daily drill in the proper deportment of children in their various relations in life might in a few years make an astonishing change for the better in public and private manners. Per-



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haps "Life" thinks that good manners come by imitation, and rarely by the learning of lessons.

What is announced as the "first daily aeroplane passenger and express service between two cities" was started recently between Tampa, Florida, and a neighboring town, St. Petersburg, across the bay. The distance is eighteen miles, the first flight was made in twenty-three minutes, and one passenger was carried. The fare for a one-way trip is $5.

Fourteen hundred convicts in Auburn Prison, New York, started the new year in a happy way by seeing "Peg o' My Heart." The play was the first one to be presented complete in the prison by a professional company. Between the acts the prisoners were allowed to talk to one another just as if they had been in a playhouse of the outer world.

De Villiers, Viljoen, De Wet—the names once filled the newspaper roll of fame, but it seems strange to find them in the papers once more, now that the Boer War is merely a matter of history. Many of the leaders of the Boers came to America, and one of them, De Villiers, recently figured as a "headliner"—for the last time, as he came to his end in an unhappy domestic tragedy. As with many another "hero," death on the battlefield would have been a kindlier fate for him.

The criticism by President Wilson of the army humorists brings to mind the fact that military jokers have usually had a hard time of it, or at least have found a more appreciative field for their wit outside the army than in it. Two illustrations may be cited—"John Phœnix," otherwise Lieutenant George H. Derby, whose satirical drawings incurred the wrath of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War in the early '50's; and James McNeill Whistler, who left West Point to become a world-famous figure both as artist and wit.

A well-known Philadelphia hat manufacturing company distributed $250,000 in gifts to its 5,400 employees on Christmas; and a worsted factory of Passaic, New Jersey, in announcing that it had had a good business year, gave a ten-dollar gold piece to some 1,100 of its 6,000 employes, while a smaller number received $100 each.

Always the ingenious mechanic finds a way out of a difficulty. A contributor to a mechanical journal says: "On a conduit job my pipe wrench broke and I found that an ordinary monkey wrench will work if used with a piece of a rat-tail file. First screw up the jaws of the wrench on the pipe; then put the file in between the pipe and the jaw nearest to the handle of the wrench. In turning, the file will prevent the wrench from slipping."

There are 38,476 reindeer in Alaska, according to a Government report. "In twenty years," the report says, "the reindeer industry has elevated the Eskimos in northern and western Alaska from nomadic hunters and fishermen . . . to civilized, thrifty men, having in their herds of reindeer assured support for themselves and opportunity to acquire wealth by the sale of meat and skins to the white men."

Trafalgar Square, London, saw a strange group of agitators recently. Discontented workers and political agitators have in their meetings in that historic square frequently been restrained by the police; and lately the police themselves met in the same place to complain of their grievances! They claimed that their pay of 27 shillings ($6.50) a week was insufficient. A New York policeman would probably think that that sum was about the right amount for a day's work.

Coney Island is supposed to be a summer resort, but Snow Birds, Polar Bears, and Arctics disported themselves in the surf there on Christmas Day. These are the names of the all-winter swimming clubs, whose members believe in a daily dip throughout the year. The water's temperature on the festival day was 35 degrees; the air was two degrees warmer; so both bathers and onlookers escaped freezing.

Horace Vose, of Westerly, Rhode Island, sometimes known as the "turkey king," recently died, at the age of seventy-three. He began raising turkeys at the age of seventeen, and for many years he made a practice of sending a monster turkey to the White House for Thanksgiving Day. The last turkey that he sent was apparently outclassed by one from Kentucky, Vose's bird weighing 37 pounds and the Kentucky turkey's weight being 39¾ pounds.

A correspondent of the New York "Sun" inquires as to the correctness of Mr. Arnold Bennett's use of the word "transpired" in the sentence: "Lastly, Mrs. Moldon, it transpired, had her ways." The "Sun" sidesteps as to the question, though it suggests that the word here may have its undisputed meaning of "leaked out," but makes this delicious interrogatory comment on the popular novelist: "Isn't Mr. Arnold Bennett, who makes a book a week, rather an English writer than a writer of English?"

Mrs. Julian Heath, President of the American Housewives' League, in the current "Ladies' Home Journal" says that American wives are as a rule ignorant as to the prices and quality of articles required in housekeeping, and in so far are inefficient housekeepers. She tells of overcharges by grocers and other tradesmen which a good bargainer would not permit; and says that by sharp questioning she induced a grocer recently to reduce his price for storage eggs from fifty cents a dozen to thirty cents. This was a triumph of which few women would be capable; but the ability to make good bargains can be cultivated.

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